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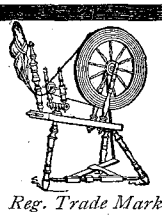
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The Republican Convention

The expected has happened. Secretary Taft was nominated on the first ballot by a vote of 702 out of a total of 980, and the nomination was immediately made unanimous. The Convention has been called an Administration Convention. It was so in the sense that it heartily indorsed the policy and record of the present Administration, and indorsed also the President's wish and hope as to the selection of his successor. But no evidence has been adduced to sustain the charge that this was brought about by the use of public patronage; the Convention was an Administration Convention because the party throughout the country is an Administration party; it might also be said that the American people to-day are an Administration people. The truth is, of course, that this has been an immensely popular Administration, and no single sentence so aroused the feeling of the Convention as Senator Lodge's characterization of Mr. Roosevelt as "the best abused and most popular man in the country." If a doubt remained in any man's mind as to President Roosevelt's steadfast sincerity in declining to be the nominee, it was removed by Senator Lodge's clear and eloquent declaration:

> That man is no friend of Theodore Roosevelt and does not cherish his name and fame who now, from any motive, seeks to urge him as a candidate for the great office which he has finally declined. The President has refused what his countrymen would gladly have given him; he says what he means and means what he says, and his party and his country will respect his wishes as they honor his high character and great public service.

Those who have to the last minute questioned the President's good faith may now perhaps find it worth while to inquire upon what evidence his enemies have based that other dishonoring assertion—that he procured Mr. Taft's nomination by threatening to retract his own withdrawal. A staff correspondent gives on another page a pen-and-ink picture of the Convention from personal observation, as he will later of the Democratic Convention at Denver. We describe and discuss the candidates and the platform elsewhere. The platform was finally accepted by the Convention without a division. The selection of James S. Sherman was evidently made largely because he is a citizen of a pivotal State, New York, and also because his nomination was regarded by the anti-Taft "allies" as in some measure a concession; he received on the first ballot 816 out of 890 votes. The Convention voted down the proposal that the representation of delegates should hereafter be based, not on the population of the States, but on the number of Republican votes cast at a previous election. As a whole the Convention confirms the conviction of the adequacy of party organization as representative of the popular will.

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The New Secretary of War

As the result of his nomination for the Presidency, Mr. Taft has sent to the President his resignation as Secretary of War to take effect on June 30. His successor in the Republican Cabinet is a man of Democratic antecedents. His appointment is another indication of the breadth of the present Administration. General Luke E. Wright has, like Mr. Taft, received part of his training for the office as Governor-General of the Philippines. His first experience in the islands came to him as the result of his appointment, by President McKinley, in 1900, as a member of the second Philippine Commission. When the office of Governor-Generalship was created, and filled by

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Mr. Taft, Mr. Wright was made Vice-Governor. In 1904 he succeeded to the Governorship, from which he resigned in 1906 to become Ambassador to Japan, the first American envoy to that country to receive that rank. He remained in Japan until the following year. Governor Wright is a Southern man. He was born in 1847 in Memphis, Tennessee, the son of the Chief Justice of the State. He was an officer in the Confederate Army and became after the war a leading lawyer in his State. During a fearful epidemic of yellow fever in Memphis in 1878, long before the nature of the contagion was understood, Mr. Wright became voluntarily the head of the organized relief committee, and, although he was a victim to the disease, administered the affairs of the city with extraordinary ability, and initiated hygienic measures of which the effect is still exhibited in the city's sanitary condition. The War Department has no more important function than the administration of American dependencies; and it is fortunate that the next Secretary has had an experience similar to that of his predecessor. It is interesting to note that the members of the Philippine Assembly, as they were about to adjourn, at practically the same time adopted a resolution expressing the wish for independence and exhibited marked delight at the nomination of their friend Mr. Taft as a candidate for the American Presidency.

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Woman's Suffrage in Oregon

The latest advices from Oregon indicate that woman suffrage has been defeated by upwards of twenty thousand majority. There are still some districts to be heard from, but not enough to alter the result; and the probability is that they will increase rather than decrease this majority. This is the result of a patient, quiet, but persistent opposition to the suffrage movement by a number of silent women who realize that, if suffrage is given to women, they will be morally compelled to go into politics whether they will or no, and who believe that it is as much woman's right to be exempt from suffrage duty as from jury duty or militia duty. This opposition to suffrage has required no small degree of courage, for it has subjected some of the leaders to a form of unscrupulous abuse which is happily passing out of most political contests. The work of the silent women in Oregon and its results is to be commended to the consideration of those women in other States who are so greatly opposed to public life that they shrink, very naturally, from being even publicly enrolled among those who are thus opposed. So far the suffrage movement has derived its chief support among men from the fact that it was urged by some women and opposed by few or none. Since the claim for suffrage of the few has been met by the claim for exemption from the many, public men are beginning to ask two pertinent questions: Do the majority of women wish for the ballot? and, if not, ought it to be forced upon them at the request of a comparatively small minority? The anti-suffrage movement, reluctantly taken up by a few courageous women in behalf of their more timid sisters, long since spread from America to England, where the recent news indicates that it is assuming important proportions.

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Floods in the Middle West

The frequently recurring flooding of the lowlands on the mid-western watershed of the Missouri River has again devastated thousands of acres of farm land, ruining crops and driving families from their homes. It has done immense damage to business houses and dwellings in cities built along the banks of the Kaw and its tributaries. While not so severe as the flood of 1903, its damage list will run into millions when finally reckoned, and practically all of it an unnecessary waste. After the flood of 1903 proceedings were commenced to compel the removal of encroachments on the channel of the Kaw where that stream enters the Missouri at the western side of Kansas City proper. During a half-decade the matter has dragged along and nothing has been done to better the conditions, with the result that this flood has found the same congested channel and the same inciting conditions for an overflow. The Middle

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West has an immense problem to solve in caring for the widely varying rainfall that at times rushes down its slopes and swells the prairie streams. The rivers change in a day from a half-mile-wide stretch of drifting sand to a rushing tide of turbid water from the hills, and this is too familiar a picture to be surprising to dwellers in the prairie States. The annual loss from these excessive rainfalls mounts into enormous figures and calls for some action that will prevent the waste. A favorite idea is that of the construction of reservoirs near the headwaters of the tributary streams, impounding the flood-waters and restraining them until there shall be need of their influence on growing crops or for industrial effect. The "draws" of the upland region lend themselves readily to this solution; put into practice it would unquestionably prevent much of the flood damage. The Western rivers are like an outstretched hand, with the wrist receiving the combined force of the gathered torrent. It seems that, with year after year of overflow in which farms are inundated, towns devastated, business houses damaged, railways washed out, and immense property losses incurred, a more positive and definite effort should be made to correct the conditions, and by some method of engineering avoid the never-ending procession of flood ruin. With every year of Western development this potential damage becomes greater and the threat of outbreak more ominous. The West should not become so wrapped up in its plans for growth that it forgets the need of an accompanying method of protecting the possessions its people have secured. It ought, for one thing, to give careful attention to the elimination of flood damage.

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Applying the Merit System to the Consular Service

At its latest session Congress passed a Consular Reorganization Act. Acting under its ampler provisions, Secretary Root now announces an almost unprecedentedly long list of consular changes. Nearly sixty consular officers are forthwith to be promoted or transferred. Among those consuls of long experience and recognized reputation who will now be found in new places are Mr. Robert P. Skinner, of Ohio, the well-known publicist and traveler, promoted from the consul-generalship at Marseilles, France, to that at Hamburg, Germany; Mr. Horace Lee Washington, transferred from a consulship at large to the consulship at Marseilles; and Mr. Hector de Castro, the popular Consul-General at Rome, to the consul-generalship at Zürich. There are also a number of transferences to other positions where, in Mr. Root's judgment, the incumbent may be of greater use to the State Department and the country. It is a satisfaction to add that the Secretary of State is now likely to have a larger supply of good consular material in the inauguration by the George Washington University, located at the Federal capital, of a school to train young men directly for the consular service. In a recent letter to Dr. Richard D. Harlan, of the University, Secretary Root welcomes the establishment of such a school in Washington as a support to the work of applying the merit system to our consular service. The new institution, now organized and at work, should command general sympathy and support. For there is a growing feeling that a proper service would better dignify and regulate the status of American citizens abroad, and would better regulate and extend American commerce. To have such a service we must have the merit system. And it can be applied only when young applicants represent very many degrees of training as of character, not, as hitherto, when that training has been noticeable by its almost total absence.

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England's Duty in India

During the past fortnight striking events have occurred affecting British rule in India. Discontent and unrest in the great peninsula seem now more rife than for a long time. The natives are profoundly dissatisfied with their condition, agriculturally, educationally, economically, politically; most of them, apparently, are protesting by peace-

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ful means, in the confident hope that England will right the wrong. Extremists, however, take another course. They have held meetings and published newspaper articles counseling violence and sedition. These things have been followed by bomb-throwing and attempts to wreck railway trains. As Viscount Morley, Secretary of State for India, said the other day, in the House of Lords, "It is a dark and ugly moment." But, as he added, and as we believe, "the Government will go through it without quackery or cant." These words come well from one who has shown by his deeds that he understands how to deal with India. Never until his term of office had the natives a chance to be represented on the Secretary's Council in London; never until his term and that of the Earl of Minto, the present Viceroy of India, had the natives such enlarged representation on the Vice-Regal and Provincial Councils. The Vice-Regal Council is the highest administrative body in India. It is presided over by Lord Minto. It recently passed an act making the Government's control of meetings and assemblages more rigorous. Ten days ago, at Simla, on the Himalayan slopes, the Viceroy's summer capital, the Council passed two yet more rigorous laws. The first is the Explosives Act, the second the Sedition Act, which are intended sternly to check disorder. Agriculturally, in measures of irrigation, famine prevention, and forest use, there is much to be done for India. Educationally, well-meant efforts have resulted in giving that country a system of higher institutions of learning out of proportion to the lower. We are educating a far larger proportion of children in the Philippines than is England in India. Economically, the boycott of British goods in the provinces of Bengal, and the "Swadeshi," or "home country," movement there, show the result of an attempted commercial exploitation and of the political partition of Bengal, carried out by Lord Minto's predecessor, Lord Curzon. Three hundred million natives, with an average annual wage lower than the lowest average monthly American wage, are not made more content by the knowledge that their representation in the civil service, in the judiciary, and in the administrative bodies, enlarged as it has been, is far from affording the relief desired. Nor is their discontent allayed by pious expressions of self-adulation in British papers because of the benevolent British policy in India. That policy has elevated the native races. It has even given them the strength to make their present demand. But the native ideal is that they shall one day be fit to govern themselves.

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Reform of the English Liquor Licensing System

The Liquor Licensing Bill now before Parliament has other features of interest besides its personal championship by the new Premier and the unusually large majority by which it was read a second time and its principle accepted by the House of Commons. It was introduced by Mr. Asquith some weeks before he succeeded the late Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman as the head of the Liberal Government; and between its introduction and its reaching committee stage in the House of Commons the measure had attracted powerful support from the Church of England, from which little help is usually forthcoming in the case of reforms for which a Liberal Government is responsible. The bill is intended to reduce the opportunities for drinking in England. It purposes to put an end to the inordinately large number of public-houses with which all the older urban communities, large and small, have been afflicted since the thirties of the nineteenth century, when the Duke of Wellington, as Premier, was responsible for an era of free trade in beer which lasted until 1869. The bill is intended to quicken the existing method of reducing the number of these licensed houses—a reduction which has been going on with comparative slowness under an Act of Parliament passed in 1904. It provides, moreover, that at the end of fourteen years all licenses then surviving shall come to an end; and in the granting of licenses under the new system payments representing the monopoly value of the licenses shall go into the public treasury.

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According to English traditions governing legislation dealing with private property, or with what has come to be regarded as private property, the Licensing Bill is almost revolutionary, and it has aroused an opposition from the great brewing companies and the liquor interests generally which for organization, persistence, and strident expression is without precedent in English history. It was known as soon as the bill was introduced that the Free Churches would give it their whole-hearted support. It was hoped by social reformers generally that the Church of England would to some degree come to the aid of the Government; but the measure of support which the bill is receiving from the Established Church has been beyond all expectation.

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The Part of the Established Church in the Movement

For almost the first time in history, the Established Church and the Free Churches are at one in their support of Mr. Asquith's bill. While this great measure of social reform is being canvassed all over the country, the Free Churches and the Established Church have, at least for the time being, put aside their differences on the question of religious education in the elementary schools, and in many places have joined forces in popular demonstrations to insure sufficient extra-Parliamentary support to make certain the enactment of the bill in something like the form in which Mr. Asquith introduced it to the House of Commons. Not all the bishops and other clergy of the Established Church who have expressed themselves in the press or on the platform or pulpit are in sympathy with the bill. But were a poll taken of the clergy, it would be found that a majority was in favor of the bill. The Archbishop of Canterbury has taken a most courageous stand in support of it, especially in view of the threats frequently made by the wealthier men in the liquor trade that, if the clergy continued to support the bill, brewers' subscriptions to the Church and to institutions maintained by the Church would be stopped. An equally courageous attitude has been taken by the Bishops of London and Liverpool; and should the bill become law, its enactment will in no small degree be due to the support which the Government has received from men of eminence or of national repute in the Established Church. This support makes it evident that Free Churchmen can no longer claim to be the only social reformers in England, or the only men who are prepared to take risks to push forward measures of popular social advancement. Social questions are in the political atmosphere of England to-day to a greater degree than at any previous time. There is an awakening to social obligation in its civic sense. No one political party claims a monopoly of social reform; and the action of many of the clergy of the Established Church in regard to Mr. Asquith's drastic measure of liquor licensing reform suggests that this will not be the last occasion when the Free Churches and the Established Church will join forces for the social betterment of England. Another phase of the agitation for and against Mr. Asquith's bill is of more than passing interest. During the last three months much has been said and written in England concerning the control of the liquor trade in this country. Much on this phase of the discussion that has appeared in print has been singularly well stated. An unusually good understanding of American conditions has been evident; and it is pleasing to note that there has been an almost universal agreement that our States have the liquor problem much better in hand than England has ever had it; and that much could be learned from this country, especially as regards the definite tenure of liquor licenses, the exclusion of women from service in liquor bars, Sunday closing, and also as to the operation of prohibition and no-license laws enacted by the State Legislatures. American precedent and example have never been regarded as more suggestive than during the three months in which attention in England has been focused on Mr. Asquith's measure. Next week The Outlook will publish the first of two articles by Dr. S. J. Barrows on "The Temperance Tidal Wave" at home and abroad.

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The Pan-Anglican Congress

Before the members of the first Pan Anglican Congress assembled in London, last week, English interest in the Congress and English hospitality found expression in many delightful ways. The Pilgrim Society, which is international in its membership, entertained a large group of bishops at dinner; a series of women's meetings, presided over in some cases by Mrs. Davidson, the wife of the Archbishop of Canterbury, had served to introduce many of the women of the English and the American Church; garden-parties by the Prince of Wales and other people of prominence were given to the delegates. After preliminary services in Westminster Abbey, which was crowded to the doors, the first session of the Congress opened in Albert Hall, London, on Tuesday morning last, with a discussion of one of the most vital matters on its long programme, "Marriage in Christendom." Bishop Doane, of Albany, New York, who has been a leader in the crusade against divorce, and of the movement to make remarriage, while either the husband or the wife is living, impossible in the Episcopal Church in this country, read a paper in which he commented on the "shameful pre-eminence of America in what one might almost call the divorce habit." Notwithstanding a discouraging mass of statistics, he declared, however, that the conscience of the country was becoming stirred, and that a strong movement was in progress toward reducing the number of causes for divorce. The loosening of the marriage tie was evident, he said, not only in the United States, but everywhere in the world, and many people were practicing one of two kinds of polygamy: synchronous polygamy, or Mormonism, and successive polygamy, or remarriage after divorce. It was urged by one of the speakers that the Congress ought to confirm its conviction that, whatever the State might do, it was not the function of the Church to remarry divorcees while husband or wife was living, a statement which was greeted with loud applause. All the sessions of the Congress have been attended by great audiences, and the utmost interest has been shown in its deliberations.

The Nature of the Congress

The Pan-Anglican Congress must not be confused with the Lambeth Conference, which meets later, and in which bishops alone will confer. The Pan Anglican Congress has no legislative power, exists for discussion only, and includes representatives of all the dioceses of the Anglican Church and of the Episcopal Church in this country. There are at least two hundred and fifty dioceses in the Episcopal Church in America, and as each diocese is entitled to a representation of six delegates, the American representatives will probably exceed a thousand. This is the first Congress of the kind that has been held, though Church Congresses somewhat similar in general purpose and organization have been familiar for years both in England and America. The organization of the Congress has been very carefully planned so as to secure representatives from every diocese in the world, on a basis of absolute equality. The Congress will hold at least one hundred and twenty distinct meetings in its various departments, and the programme includes more than six hundred speakers, not counting the volunteers. The subjects selected for discussion are highly significant of the vitality of religious thought, and the endeavor of two great and important communions to deal practically and in a Christian spirit with the conditions and problems of the hour. The topics in the fields of sociology and theology are significant of the fundamental character which discussion in these fields has taken during the last two decades. Agnosticism and pantheism are in the forefront; the critical study of the Bible and the relations between religion and science are to be presented at length. On the side of organization, or what might be called ecclesiastical polity, there is the same evidence of broadening sympathies and a deepening sense of the realities of the work to be done; for among the topics assigned are the relations between the different churches of Christendom, the basis of a possible reunion, the question of the relation of individual churches to a central church authority. It is in the practical field, however, that the vital

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interests of the church center to-day; and here the subjects discussed show the urgency of the feeling that a chief function of the church to-day is a social one. The proper housing of the tenement-house population, the matter of sweat-shops, the drink problem, the legitimate activities of trusts and of labor unions, the question of marriage and divorce, and the evils of gambling will be presented from various points of view by men who feel that the immediate work of the church to-day is strong dealing with these problems from first-hand knowledge and with first-hand directness. The significance of the Congress as bringing together a great and influential body of Englishmen from all parts of the world and of Americans can hardly be overestimated. Both from this point of view and from that of religious advance it is a notable event.

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Church and State in France

Pius X, the head of the Roman Catholic Church, has a vivid sense of its dignity. As a purely spiritual force he seems more genuinely the real head of the Church than did his predecessor. Those who have personally known both Popes say that in talking with Leo XIII they always felt as if in the presence of a great statesman accidentally a Pope, while when in the presence of Pius X they felt that they were in the presence, not of a statesman, but of a very pious parish priest; one of profound consecration, a great spiritual leader. Unfortunately for the present Pope, the times demand also a statesman in the chair of St. Peter. In this demand the relations between the Papacy and France form a prime factor; they have doubtless occasioned more anxiety than have the relations between the Vatican and the rest of the world. For a long time many of the vast majority of Frenchmen, nominally Roman Catholic, have been estranged from the Roman Catholic Church. Practically all Frenchmen, it is presumable, acknowledge the social as well as the religious worth of the average parish priest. Indeed, it is impossible to regard present-day French civilization without recognizing the constructive work of the village curé, often really the first citizen of that village. Nevertheless, the Roman Catholic Church in France has been ruled not so much by its priests as by its bishops, and as these have apparently more prestige under a monarchy than under the present form of government, some of them have never been quite reconciled to the Republic, which has now endured a generation. They have been charged with influencing certain attempts to restore the monarchy. Affairs became so strained that the Assumptionists and other monastic orders were suspected, with much reason, of being hotbeds of political intrigue. Under these circumstances it is not surprising that there has been a determined effort made to separate Church and State, and that the effort took the radical form of a relinquishment of salaries to the clergy from the State, and of nominations by the State, but of a distinct control by the State over Church buildings and assemblages. It was natural that this should be resented. It was natural that a compromise should be suggested, to which a large number of Roman Catholics adhered. But the compromise was rejected by the Pope, and the law went into effect separating Church and State.

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The Pope's Latest Action

The Pope has now rejected another compromise proposed by the French Government. Its former proposal was to vest the control of church edifices in so-called "associations," registered by the State and deriving their authority from it. This year's proposal was to transfer to other associations, under State registration, the particular funds bequeathed for the maintenance of poor, aged, or infirm priests, and for the saying of masses for the repose of the dead. The Pope refuses to accept both proposals, on the ground that the Church's canon law does not permit him to delegate ecclesiastical functions to the State—that is, to laymen. In the present instance he condemns the proposed law because it provides no means for excluding from membership in the proposed "associations" those who have

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strayed from the Church, and thus does not allow the priests to safeguard ecclesiastical discipline. "While the authors of the law seek to avoid the odium of having taken away the bread of poor, aged, and infirm priests," the Pope says in part, "they offer to return to the Church a small part of the property. What they hand back with one hand they lessen the value of with the other by imposing restrictions and exceptions." It is not surprising that Pius X should protest against the celebration of masses under the proposed law, since he could hardly be expected to approve a system opposed to the intentions of deceased persons and certainly contrary to the Church's rules regulating such functions. It remains to be seen whether the State will propose a new compromise or, as many expect, will use the funds as it thinks best. There are many signs of the result long ago predicted by The Outlook that the French Government, in separating Church and State, is strengthening the Roman Catholic communion in France as it has never yet been strengthened. Even on the material side the gloomy prophecies made have not been fulfilled. The State, no longer interfering with ecclesiastical nominations for preferment, no longer pays the salaries of the clergy. It was supposed by both sides to the controversy that an army of forty thousand clergymen could no longer be maintained. But the appeal throughout France for means to carry on church services and pay the clergy has met with surprisingly gratifying results. Subscriptions have been made even by the supporters of the Government's anti-clerical policy. They doubtless claim that to be anti-clerical is not necessarily to be anti-religious.

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The Duma Asserts Itself

It has been the fashion to regard the Russian Duma, the lower house of the new Russian Parliament, as a poor apology for a legislature, as a concession by the Emperor to the people amounting practically to nothing, and as a mongrel assembly which did not dare to call its soul its own. By a vote of 194 to 78 it has just rejected the Imperial naval programme. Nor is this all. In the proceedings leading to the vote the Emperor was represented by his very highest official, Peter Stolypin, the Prime Minister. The plea of the Premier was impressive beyond the mere subject in hand. Speaking of the minor bureaucracy, he announced that its reorganization was being put through with all possible despatch. Speaking of the upper bureaucrats and of the Cabinet, he declared that "the Tsushima Ministry" (a derisive name for the ambitious, stupid, or venal Ministers responsible for the war with Japan, culminating in the Tsushima disaster) is emphatically a thing of the past. On this the leader of the Octobrists, or Moderates—not, be it noted, a radical—expressed doubts of the reality of reform so long as men like Admiral Alexiev, Russia's evil genius, sat in the Council of the Empire—the appointive upper house of the Russian Parliament—and could be regarded as possible appointees to ministerial positions. This occasioned applause from Conservatives as well as from Moderates and Radicals. The refusal of funds to build up an unnecessary navy, the orator continued, is the only means of forcing a liquidation of the affairs of the old régime. He talked as if the Duma actually possessed the full power of the purse instead of only the privilege, like that of our own House of Representatives, of initiating financial legislation. Morally and materially, the Duma has already acquired an influence, in and out of Russia, which the Emperor cannot afford to slight. In that influence lies Russia's hope for the future.

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Professional Ethics

Laws will not make a community virtuous, nor will canons of professional ethics make dishonorable men honorable. Nevertheless, in a democratic community good laws help to raise and to strengthen the standard of social virtue, and canons of professional ethics similarly tend to raise and to strengthen the standard of professional honor. There will always be hypocrites among ministers, quacks among doctors, and pettifoggers among

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lawyers, which is an added reason why the honorable members of these professions should disown and, as far as possible, discourage all dishonorable practices. The thirty-two canons of professional ethics proposed in a preliminary report to the American Bar Association by its Committee are less a set of rules for the guidance of professional practice than a well-ordered statement of principles which have long been recognized and acted on by those members of the bar who possess their own self-respect and the respect of their fellows. Leaving the profession to look in their professional journals for these rules, we here desire to give a layman's especial indorsement to two of them. We have no question that a lawyer "may undertake with propriety the defense of a person accused of a crime, although he knows or believes him guilty," and for the reason stated in the rule—that the public welfare requires that no person should be punished for a crime unless, by due process of law, his guilt has been established. The defense of Czolgosz, accused of the murder of President McKinley, illustrates both the justice of the principle and a right application of it. But to defend a client accused of breaking the law is one matter, to advise a client how he can break the law with impunity is quite another matter. Lawyers who would not think of counseling a burglar how he could break into a bank and escape with his plunder have not hesitated to counsel their client how he can violate laws for the regulation of corporations and still be immune. To such is to be commended the sentence, "The office of attorney does not permit, much less does it demand, for any client, violation of law or any manner of fraud or chicanery." We should have been glad to see one other canon incorporated in these "canons of professional ethics." The common sentiment of lawyers should be forcibly directed against the practice of taking advantage of technical errors which if uncorrected would not have altered the verdict. This practice ought to be against the professional ethics of lawyers. But in the main these proposed canons of professional ethics are an admirable statement of what both is and ought to be an accepted rule of conduct and measure of character in the profession.

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An Appropriate Statue

Mr. Clarence Mackay, in presenting a statue of his father to the University of Nevada, and Mr. Gutzon Borglum, the distinguished sculptor, have made good use of their opportunity. The late John William Mackay was familiar to this generation as he appeared clothed in a business suit or in a frock-coat or in evening dress. To a former generation, however, especially in Nevada, he was the miner and promoter. While he made his own and others' fortunes and developed a wild country, he was clothed in a rough shirt and trousers and high boots, pick in hand. It is thus his son would immortalize him, and Mr. Borglum's genius quickly grasped the advantage of a picturesque opportunity. Aside from its appropriate æsthetic value, there will be also the added moral stimulus to the students of the University's School of Mines, also Mr. Clarence Mackay's generous gift, before which the statue is to stand. As a child John W. Mackay worked for the pennies needed by his poor, widowed mother. When twenty years old he "worked out" his passage to California by way of the Isthmus. He labored at the science of mining for years before his opportunity came, but when it did come his technical mastery of his pursuit gave him the necessary intrepidity to push on though others were succumbing to despair. As Colonel George Harvey, in his address on the occasion, pointed out, the lesson of Mr. Mackay's life lies not in the wealth he acquired but in the work he did and in the character he had. Thus it is that, "in these days, when it has become a common practice of the unsuccessful and envious to decry acquisition, if not, indeed, achievement, no voice has been raised against this man."

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How to Keep Good Roads

The good roads recently constructed in many States are being worn down by automobiles. Big racing machines flash by one like meteors, making thick clouds of dust; often, for some moments, the

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foot-passenger, the cyclist, or the traveler by carriage is unable to proceed. At present the innocent motorer suffers with the reckless racer. Meanwhile roads everywhere are getting out of repair, to the disgust of all who use them, and especially of the farmers. Long since the farmers discovered that good roads added to their prosperity in many ways. The remedy for the rapid wearing out of some of the New Jersey highways will be watched with interest. Where improved roads are being laid, a light binder of clay and gravel is added to the second coating of stone, and to this asphaltum oil is applied. The oil works in between the gravel and the stone, and the usual top-dressing is then applied and the road rolled. It is found that the oil attaches itself to the top-dressing firmly. Not only is this kind of road harder, but the dust has no such chance to accumulate as on the old-fashioned highway. The construction of roads under this system ought to reduce the cost of maintenance by half, besides adding materially to the comfort of all those who use the road in any way, and that of those who live near by.

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An Art Exchange with Germany

In the latest number of the Internationale Wochenschrift, Professor Kuno Francke, Curator of the Germanic Museum at Harvard, makes an interesting proposition. The original negotiator of the exchange of German and American professors, he now proposes an extension of the exchange system to the domain of art by means of exchange exhibitions. This is a capital idea. Neither country is sufficiently familiar with the art product of the other. Böcklin and other modern German painters are not appreciated here; the works of our greatest sculptor, Saint-Gaudens, are hardly known at all in Germany. Coincidentally with Professor Francke's article comes an announcement which shows that the ever-alert Kaiser had already made provision for exactly this thing. Even in 1905 the German authorities informally informed the Trustees of the Metropolitan Museum, New York City, that, should the Museum appropriate the necessary space, a representative collection of modern German art could be obtained for exhibition there. At that time suitable space could not be obtained, but it has been secured by the new addition to the Museum. The exhibition will, therefore, take place next autumn and winter. It will comprise more than a hundred and twenty-five pictures, and also sculptural works in bronze and marble. All these objects are to be collected by a committee to be appointed by Dr. Wilhelm Bode, the eminent critic and the Imperial Art Director. No paintings and sculptural works will be secured except those truly representative of the best present-day German art. The expense of gathering, packing, forwarding, returning, insuring, delivering, hanging, and taking care of these works will not devolve upon the Museum authorities. Any feature which might lead to the suspicion that the exhibition was being used for any commercial purpose whatsoever will be eliminated. With so interesting and inspiring an outlook, we shall be much mistaken if the American friends of art do not organize a corresponding exhibition in Berlin, with the purpose of showing in that city representative and truly National American work.

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The Republican Candidates

Candidates are often more important than platforms. Platforms are promises; the character of candidates is often an assurance of performance. On any platform Mr. Taft would stand for integrity, fearlessness, large views, sound judgment, and broad human interests. It is probably no exaggeration to say that no candidate for the Presidency has ever been better prepared by temperament and training for that great office. Washington may have had, for his time, a more useful temperament, though it is doubtful; but he lacked Mr. Taft's training. Adams and Jefferson had, perhaps, a more thorough training, but neither had the peculiarly happy temperament of Mr. Taft—happy by reason of its

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harmony with his character and ability and its extraordinary charm. Mr. Taft had a New England background and an ancestry which represents the best in American character, education, and public service; but he is a child of the Central West—that great fertile plateau, so rapidly settled after the Revolution, which has been rich in men of substance and power, and has exercised for decades an immense and an increasing influence in determining public questions. He has the breadth of view, the democratic feeling, the liberal and practical education, and the immense working power of the energetic, virile, and ambitious Central West. His college education was gained in Yale University, the spirit of which has been admirably expressed in the phrase, "Fair play and team play;" a university which has developed to a remarkable degree the sense of social solidarity in the undergraduate body, and has inspired its graduates with a love of public service. Mr. Taft has the judicial temper; it is well known that his ambitions have always been centered upon judicial position, and that nothing but a strong sense of public duty has kept him off the Supreme Court Bench. He has had a thorough legal training, a large experience in dealing with legal affairs, and he has developed the poise and judicial quality which are the best results of legal training. His working power is remarkable, but not more remarkable than his genius for getting at the heart of a situation by direct contact with it. No American Cabinet Minister has ever taken such trouble or undergone such labors to secure first-hand knowledge of the things and the places with which he has had to deal. Three times he has gone to the other end of the world to study the situation in the Philippines at first hand. He has gone to Cuba, Porto Rico, and to the Isthmus for the same purpose, and, sitting at his desk in Washington, he has been enabled to deal with the most delicate and difficult problems of American diplomacy with the information and insight of an expert. No man has a more kindly nature; but it is mated to great resoluteness of purpose. His smile is the expression of a happy and serene temperament; behind it there are clear intelligence and a resolute will. In the welter of silly talk about him in the preliminary campaign no statement has been more absurd than that he is President Roosevelt's echo and the administrator of his policies. No man will control Mr. Taft; his positions on the great issues before the country were taken before Mr. Roosevelt became President. Mr. Taft's irenic spirit makes him a born diplomatist; while his frankness and honesty of purpose inspire the confidence on which alone successful diplomacy rests. In any office to which he may be called, he can and will unwaveringly administer a strong policy, but he will apply it without unnecessary irritation, and he will inspire confidence even in those upon whom his policies rest most heavily.

The nomination of Mr. James S. Sherman is an expression of the organization men's sense of political expediency. Mr. Sherman was named because he is of New York, and the Republican party greatly desires the electoral vote of that State. Yet Mr. Sherman is not at present sufficiently well known to attract to the party any considerable number of independent votes. He is, however, very popular with the active workers in the Republican party, and his presence on the ticket will unquestionably do much to keep the organization in line. As a Representative in the lower house of Congress Mr. Sherman has been eminent among the group that "gets things done." With Speaker Cannon, Sereno E. Payne, leader of the majority on the floor, and Representatives Dalzell and Tawney, he has acted as a director of legislation. He has been, except for an interval of one term, a member of Congress for over twenty years. By steady advancement he has reached the important positions of the Chairmanship of the Committee on Indian Affairs, membership in the almost autocratic Committee on Rules, and, in the absence of Representative Hepburn, practical leadership of the Committee on Inter-State Commerce. Two years ago Mr. Sherman was Chairman of the Republican Congressional Committee in charge of the campaign for the elections for Congress.

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In private life he is a banker and business man, but he is not reputed to be a man of great wealth. He was born in Utica, New York, in 1855, and is a graduate of Hamilton College. As an experienced parliamentarian he is well fitted for the duties of the Vice-Presidency. The question remains, Is he fitted for the responsibilities of the office?

Some day perhaps the great parties will nominate for the Vice-Presidency men who are manifestly eligible to the Presidency. The people ought to be more concerned than they are in the problem of filling the second highest office in the land. It is very doubtful whether any vice-president within a generation, except Mr. Roosevelt, chosen by a party convention would have been nominated by popular primaries. As to the head of the ticket, however, there is no doubt. The nomination of Mr. Taft is the expression of Republican, one might almost say non-partisan, feeling throughout the Nation.

The Republican Platform

Deft hands have drawn the Republican Platform. Political and literary skill combine to make it a notable contribution to party literature. It effectively, though somewhat bombastically, marshals the history of the past in its eulogy of the Republican party; it skillfully covers over the conflict between the liberal Republicans led by Mr. Roosevelt and the conservative Republicans under the leadership of Mr. Cannon, by praising what Congress has done, attributing to Democratic opposition its failure to do more, and promising in the name of the party to complete the work begun if it is continued in power; it meets the charges of injustice to the negro with a paragraph which the Democratic Convention will not venture to match, and which the negro allies of Mr. Foraker will find it difficult to answer; for the Southern Democrats will never consent to "condemn all devices that have for their real aim his disfranchisement for reason of color alone," or to "declare without reservation for the enforcement in letter and spirit of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth amendments to the Constitution."

The literary skill of this document is not less notable. It possesses a literary unity which political platforms rarely possess. It is always clear and occasionally eloquent. The paragraph contrasting the Republican and Democratic parties might well be taken by teachers of English to illustrate both the value of antithesis and its defects:

> The trend of Democracy is toward Socialism, while the Republican party stands for a wise and regulated individualism. Socialism would destroy wealth; Republicanism would prevent its abuse. Socialism would give to each an equal right to take; Republicanism would give to each an equal right to earn. Socialism would offer equality of possession, which would soon leave no one anything to possess; Republicanism would give equality of opportunity, which would assure to each his share of a constantly increasing sum of possessions. In line with this tendency the Democratic party of to-day believes in Government ownership, while the Republican party believes in Government regulation. Ultimately Democracy would have the Nation own the people, while Republicanism would have the people own the Nation.

This is not accurate—antitheses rarely are accurate—but it is effective.

Skillful both politically and rhetorically, the platform is also strong; this triple praise even its critics, if they are candid, can hardly refuse to it. Whether it is true we do not here discuss; to the discussion of its principles we shall make contribution, both editorially and by special articles as the campaign progresses. Here we attempt simply to describe the platform, not to weigh its utterances. With a few infelicitous exceptions, vague utterances are conspicuously absent. Neither friends nor foes ought to find any difficulty in understanding what the platform means. It is not a Delphic oracle; is not capable of double interpretations; evades no issues; squarely challenges opposition at every point. Thus, it commends the Emergency Currency Bill; demands Postal Savings Banks; applauds the Sherman Anti-Trust Law and simultaneously demands its amendment; calls for further legislation to prevent stock-watering by inter-State carriers; approves legislative action for the

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protection of trainmen, for the reduction of the hours of labor on the railways, for compensation to Government employees when injured, and for mediation and arbitration by the Government in controversies between their employees and the inter-State railways; urges "good country roads maintained more and more at public expense;" favors "all measures to prevent the waste of timber"—does this mean the White Mountain and Appalachian Bill? and, if not, what does it mean?—and the "reclamation of arid lands;" "a systematic improvement upon a large and comprehensive plan, just to all portions of the country, of the waterways, harbors, and great lakes;" commends the increase in the widows' pensions made by the present Congress; favors National legislation to promote the public health; and declares for free trade between the United States and the Philippines, "with such limitation as to sugar and tobacco as will afford adequate protection to domestic interests." This last clause is almost the only evident sop to a political Cerberus in the platform. What products of Filipino industry are left to be excluded by a tariff—automobiles?

This characteristic clearness of definition finds especial illustration in the paragraphs which deal with the two questions most hotly debated within the Republican party—tariff and injunctions. Upon the tariff the platform promises a special session of Congress, following the inauguration of the next President, to revise the tariff, and indicates clearly the kind of revision, the nature and object of the duties to be imposed, and the adoption of a maximum and minimum rate to be administered by the President for the combined purpose of promoting home manufacture and foreign trade. The practicability of this plan may be debated; but there is no misunderstanding what the plan is. The question of injunctions has given rise to so much and so hot debate that we give the paragraph on this subject entire:

> The Republican party will uphold at all times the authority and integrity of the courts, State and Federal, and will ever insist that their powers to enforce their process and to protect life, liberty, and property shall be preserved inviolate. We believe, however, that the rules of procedure in the Federal courts with respect to the issuance of the writ of injunction should be more accurately defined by statute, and that no injunction or temporary restraining order should be issued without notice, except where irreparable injury would result from delay, in which case a speedy hearing thereafter should be granted.

It was so palpably evident to the unprejudiced onlooker that there was no inconsistency between the paragraph proposed by the New York Committee, headed by President Butler, of Columbia College, declaring confidence in the integrity of the courts and demanding the preservation of their Constitutional prerogatives, and the paragraph said to have been urged by Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Taft, demanding that injunctions should not be issued "without consideration," that it is difficult to understand why there should have been so hot a fight by the advocates of the first proposal against the adoption of the second. The result has been to make the so-called anti-injunction plank both more specific and stronger than in the form originally proposed.

Such is the Republican platform. Its glorification of the Republican party and its criticism of the Democratic party are both exaggerated; that is, it is a partisan, not a judicial, document. Its gratulations over America's wealth in its opening paragraphs are unpleasantly Pharisaic. But we do not find in it the glittering generalities of old-time platforms sounding loud and saying nothing. It is free from evasions, ambiguities, truisms, and platitudes. Its principles are proper subjects for discussion, and they will arouse enthusiasm of advocacy in one camp and enthusiasm of condemnation in the other. But there is no excuse for misunderstanding them. The party standing on this platform must depend for victory, not on avoiding opposition, but on arousing opposition and conquering it. Let us hope that in the Democratic platform the Democratic principles will be as explicitly defined. If that is the case, the country should find no difficulty in perceiving how far the principles of the two great parties differ and in coming to an intelligent choice between the two.

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Ibsen To-Day

The completion of the admirable edition of Ibsen's works,[1] edited, with most interesting introductions, by Mr. Archer, and the publication of the biography of Ibsen,[2] in the series of Literary Lives, by Mr. Gosse, taken in connection with the "Letters"[3] published two years ago, put students and readers in a position to make intimate acquaintance with the dramatist who, more than any other, has influenced our time, and to arrive at an intelligent opinion in regard to the significance and permanency of his work. It is too early to attempt to fix Ibsen's place in the literature of the nineteenth century, or to predict the limit of time which posterity will set to his fame; this generation can only hope to see Ibsen as he was, and to understand his work from the standpoint of its fidelity to life and to art.

Like Wagner, he passed through a long period of neglect, followed by a shorter period of bitter hostility and passionate denunciation. There was a time when his plays were anathema to the majority of cultivated readers on both sides of the ocean; when he was charged with every kind of literary immorality, and his work and his person were mercilessly satirized. He was not a patient, and he was an exceedingly self-reliant, man; a born fighter and a born protester and dissenter. The period of antagonism was uncomfortable, but it is a question whether it did not give Ibsen a greater joy than the period of acceptance. His letters, which are the best commentary on his plays, show him from the start as a man of unconquerable spirit, intense individuality, lacking in sympathy, out of touch with his fellows, and ready to arraign the religious, social, and literary faiths of his time. He had friends, but he wrote to Brandes, one of the most helpful of them: "Friends are a costly luxury, and when one has devoted one's self wholly to a profession and a mission here in life, there is no place left for friends." For thirty years no word of communication passed between his parents and himself.

There was much in the Scandinavain world into which Ibsen was born to account for his antagonism. Probably no modern society has been more thoroughly conventionalized than was the society of that world in the middle of the last century. In Church, society, and State the free life of northern Europe was paralyzed. Religion had become very largely a rigid conformity to narrow creeds; society, a worship of respectability; art, the practice of imitation. The boy who was to shake this well-established and deadening order of things was an apothecary's clerk in the dull little Norwegian village of Grimstad, who made few friends, and who nourished a passionately independent spirit in an isolation which surrounded him to the last day of his life. He had much to do later with the theater, and came, like Shakespeare, to know stagecraft from the practical point of view—a knowledge which went far to make him, what he subsequently became, the most effective dramatist of his time. A large part of his life was passed in exile, and when he returned to Norway, after a short popular apotheosis, clouds began to settle on his mind, and for several years before the end there was no more pathetic figure in Europe than that of Ibsen, old and with weakened intelligence, sitting in his room in Christiania looking out of the window and waiting for death.

Criticism of Ibsen, which was once violent and non-comprehending, has given place, not only to a wide acceptance of his work at its face value, but to a kind of organized overestimate of its fidelity as an interpretation of life and of its perfection as a work of art. Mr. Archer's introductions, like Sir Edmund Gosse's biography, are appreciations rather than criticisms; and yet neither conceals the fact that Ibsen was a partial thinker and that his work had very great limitations. His letters show him to be fundamentally one-sided; of a temper so arrogant and an intelligence so keen and unsympa-

[1] The Collected Works of Henrik Ibsen. Eleven volumes. Entirely Revised and Edited by William Archer. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.
[2] Henrik Ibsen. By Edmund Gosse. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.
[3] Letters of Henrik Ibsen. Translated by J. N. Laurvik and Mary Morison. Fox, Duffield & Co., New York.

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thetic that it was impossible for him to see life clearly and see it whole. His reading was limited; he cared nothing for music; he spoke only German; he had small interest in science or philosophy; he was lacking in the historical sense; he had some sympathy with and knowledge of painting; he was not without practical sagacity. Mr. Gosse tells us that "With his fiftieth year he presents himself as no more the Poet, but the Man of Business. Molbech told me that at this time the velveteen jacket, symbol of the dear delays of art, was discarded in favor of a frock coat, too tight across the chest. Ibsen was now beginning, rather shyly, very craftily, to invest money; he even found himself in frequent straits for ready coin from his acute impatience to set every rix-dollar breeding. He cast the suspicion of poetry from him, and with his gold spectacles, his Dundreary whiskers, his broadcloth bosom, and his quick staccato step, he adopted the pose of a gentleman of affairs, very positive, and with no nonsense about him."

Ibsen was the greatest pathologist of his time; a merciless dissector of human motives; not a physician, but an investigator, whose function it was to define and describe disease, but who had no remedy to suggest. The attempt to construct a philosophy of life from Ibsen's work is doomed to absolute failure. He was a positive force as a critic, but he was in no sense constructive. Life as he saw it was distorted, diseased, out of relation; there was neither joy, nor sanity, nor hope in it. Much that he saw and said was true, but his vision was limited to a section, and his portrayal of life is partial and inadequate. In some cases, as in the terrible play of "Ghosts," his psychology has been destructively attacked.

Ibsen's service was twofold: he held a bitter medicine to the lips of the modern world, and in so far as he made men aware of diseased conditions and conscious of disastrous limitations, his medicine was thoroughly wholesome. He set society to thinking, and that is always a great service. He was irritating, but he was also stimulating. In the second place, as part of the expression of the modern movement of revolt which has registered itself so clearly in the European literature of the last generation, Ibsen's work constitutes a human document of the first importance. The claim that he was a great poet in the world of creative ideas and ideals rests on a very slight foundation; the claim that he was a dramatist of striking originality and power is amply sustained by his work. No man knew better how to get the full weight out of a sentence or even a word. He seemed to grasp by intuition the secrets of the art of dramatic presentation; and, partial as his plays often were, and absurd and futile as their *dénouement* often is—as in the case of "Rosmersholm," where the two principal characters jump off the bridge because the "white horses" bewitch them, and in "When We Dead Awake," where the two actors run away like overgrown children and perish in the mountains—their extraordinary effectiveness has made them the greatest dramatic force in the last generation, and has left a deep impression on the dramatic literature of the period.

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Bricks and Watches

There is an amusing story told of a sensitively conscientious little girl who was found by her mother weeping over her sins, and who, on being gently urged to confession, admitted, with a fresh outburst of tears, that she had broken a brick in the parlor fireplace. "And how did you do that?" asked her mother. "Why, I was just pounding it with father's watch!"

After the first ebullition of laughter over this little maid's confusion of mind as to the truly heinous part of the offense, it is an unimaginative nature that does not begin to call up similar instances of mental twist in children of a larger growth. Even though it be conceded that the present generation is less sorely afflicted than its Puritan ancestors by a haunting sense of sin, still, to assert that the overstrained and perverted conscience is a relic of the past is a radical error. True, diaries like that of the Rev. David Brainerd, of saintly memory, a

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diary which Jonathan Edwards saw fit to bring out for the edification of thousands of devout New England households, are no longer in vogue; but none the less, in view of the present mounting wave of interest in the effect of mind over body, some study of such a morbid self-revelation is not out of place. With Brainerd the unutterable depravity of the sinful nature of man, and his own, to us entirely imaginary, transgressions, became so overshadowing a horror that they menaced health, mental vigor, and effective living, and did much to hurry him to an early grave.

For him the crowning sin, to be bemoaned in sackcloth and ashes, was the presumption of daring to hope that one so vile as he might yet be worthy the divine compassion. It is even, on his part, a subject of grave self-condemnation that not until he had reached the advanced age of seven or eight years did he awaken to any "conviction of sin worthy of remark," and the wasting and futile agonies of passages like the following reveal the pathetic confusion of a spiritual vision distorted out of all reason:

> In the morning had as clear a sense of the exceeding pollution of my nature as ever I remember to have had in my life. I then appeared to myself inexpressibly loathsome and defiled; sins of childhood, of early youth, and such follies as I had not thought of for years together, as I remember, came now fresh to my view as if committed but yesterday, and appeared more in numbers than the hairs of my head; yea, they "went over my head as a heavy burden."

And again he says: "Received some particular kindness from friends, and wondered that God should open the hearts of any to treat me with kindness; saw myself to be unworthy of any favor of God or any of my fellow-men. Was much exercised with pain in my head." . . . "Continued in a sweet frame of mind; but in the afternoon felt something of spiritual pride stirring." . . . "My spiritual conflicts to-day were unspeakably dreadful, heavier than the mountains and the overflowing floods. I seemed inclosed, as it were, in hell itself."

Now of what profit, we may ask, the perusal of a diary which, though edited by Jonathan Edwards as an example of holy living and dying, would to-day, in the eyes of an alienist, be considered strong indication of a mind unhinged? True, the hell of fiery flame no longer yawns as of old, but the hell of personal remorse does exist, now as ever, as well as the inner tribunal at whose bar the outraged conscience holds its judgment. Legion, too, the tortured souls that cannot pass beyond that tribunal and that bar; cannot forgive themselves for some sin of omission or commission, or, like Brainerd, for purely imaginary transgressions, and thus blind themselves to the fact that they are paralyzing mind and energy, making shipwreck of their own lives and throwing a blight of gloom on all about them. In such cases, far from joining in with Jonathan Edwards when he exclaims, in admiration of such a stricken nature, "Sorrow for sin was like a wound constantly running; he was a mourner for sin all his days," we are inclined to cry, with Spinoza, Surely repentance is one of the deadly sins!

No, repentance is no sin till we make it one by our own distorted apprehension; but let us beware lest we fall into the error of the little girl so beside herself with grief over the crack in the brick as to be entirely oblivious of the ruin wrought in the delicate and intricate mechanism of the watch.

Far better that the dust-haunted housewife, visited at night by pangs of remorse over some unswept corner, some unscrubbed floor, wake to the realizing sense that not the neglected shelf or floor is the dire offense, but the neglected sunshine and cheer she has neither heart nor strength to pour out on her family; far better that the driving business man, overstraining himself to secure for his children the luxuries of the neighbor over the way, rouse to the consciousness that not the lack of these needless luxuries, but the wasted spring and vitality which should make him a power in the lives of his sons and daughters, is the shortcoming to be deplored and rectified.

Yes, in due measure, contrition is good, when once we have put our finger on the real transgression for whose purification we should kindle its salutary and purging fires.

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The Republican Convention

From a Staff Correspondent

FOR forty-seven minutes the Convention had cheered. It had clapped, stamped, whistled, howled, beat with umbrella or cane on floor, chair, or gallery rail. It had rung the changes on the magic name of Roosevelt. For three-quarters of an hour it had done its best to give to the absent President a record-breaking demonstration. The enthusiasm had been set loose by the Permanent Chairman of the Convention, Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, the close friend and sincere supporter of the President, who was commonly reported to have in his pocket a letter which would effectually put a stop to any movement for a third-term nomination. In the course of a brilliant speech he said of President Roosevelt, "He is the best abused and the most popular man in the United States to-day." The invitation was too tempting. The response was instantaneous. The Coliseum exploded with a roar. For five, ten, fifteen minutes the demonstration went on in a go-as-you-please fashion. Anything to make a noise, anything to make a show. Hats, fans, umbrellas, flags, newspapers, arms, coats were waved, flapped, brandished, jiggled. Anything to help along the good cause. Then an inspiration was born somewhere, and the old battle-cry,

"Four—four—
Four—years—more,"

began to roll out in increasing volume, first from one corner of the vast hall, then from another, finally, it seemed, from all over, in mighty unison. When the demonstration had lasted thirty minutes, a four-foot Teddy-bear was hoisted to the platform, then passed from upstretched hand to upstretched hand on the main floor. With renewed energy the Coliseum returned to the charge. After forty five minutes of this Senator Lodge attempted to go on with his speech. At first the great throng would not listen. But with resonant voice and impressive delivery he persisted, and by the force of his personality and his determination he compelled them to comparative quiet. Then the Convention heard, uttered with all the earnestness of absolute conviction:

"The President, who has led his party and the people in this great work, retires by his own determination from his high office on the 4th of March next. His refusal of a renomination, dictated by the loftiest motives and by a noble loyalty to American traditions, is final and irrevocable. Any one who attempts to use his name as a candidate for the Presidency impugns both his sincerity and his good faith, two of the President's greatest and most conspicuous qualities, upon which no shadow has ever been cast. That man is no friend to Theodore Roosevelt, and does not cherish his name and fame, who now, from any motive, seeks to urge him as a candidate for the great office which he has finally declined. The President has refused what his countrymen would have gladly given him. He says what he means and he means what he says, and his party and his country will respect his wishes, as they honor his high character and his great public services."

Once more the response was quick, though not spectacular. A round of hearty hand-clapping expressed a sane approval of the President's determination, then a significant silence seemed to testify to an appreciation, even among the most ardent of the demonstrators of a moment before, of its irrevocability.

The psychological moment had come, and was gone. The long predicted and perhaps a little feared stampede of the Convention was no longer a possibility. And it looked as though the coming of the moment and its prompt speeding into oblivion had been brought about consciously, deliberately. It is not difficult, though it may be unwarranted, to believe that Senator Lodge used his picturesque characterization of the President

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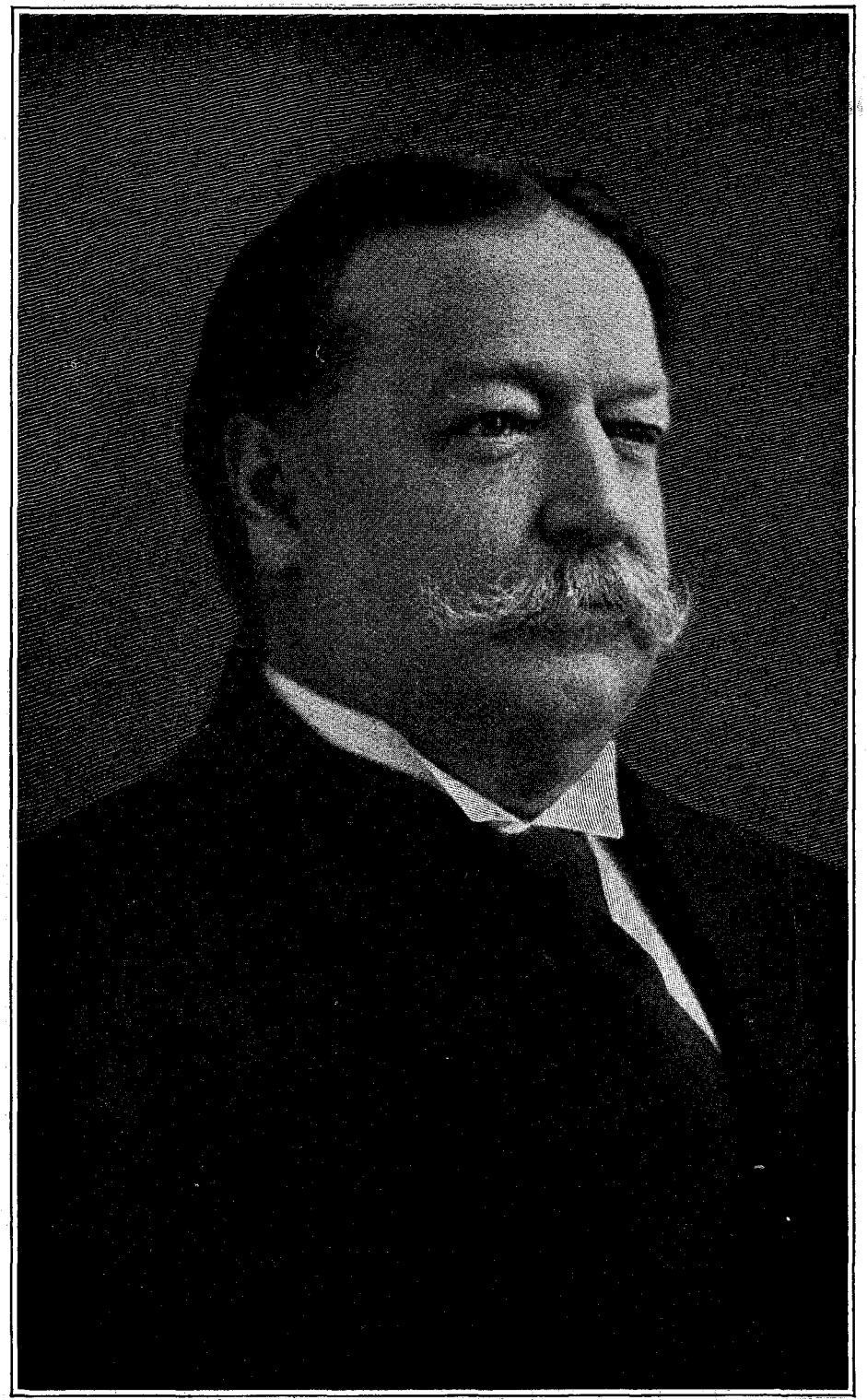

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WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT

The Republican Candidate for President

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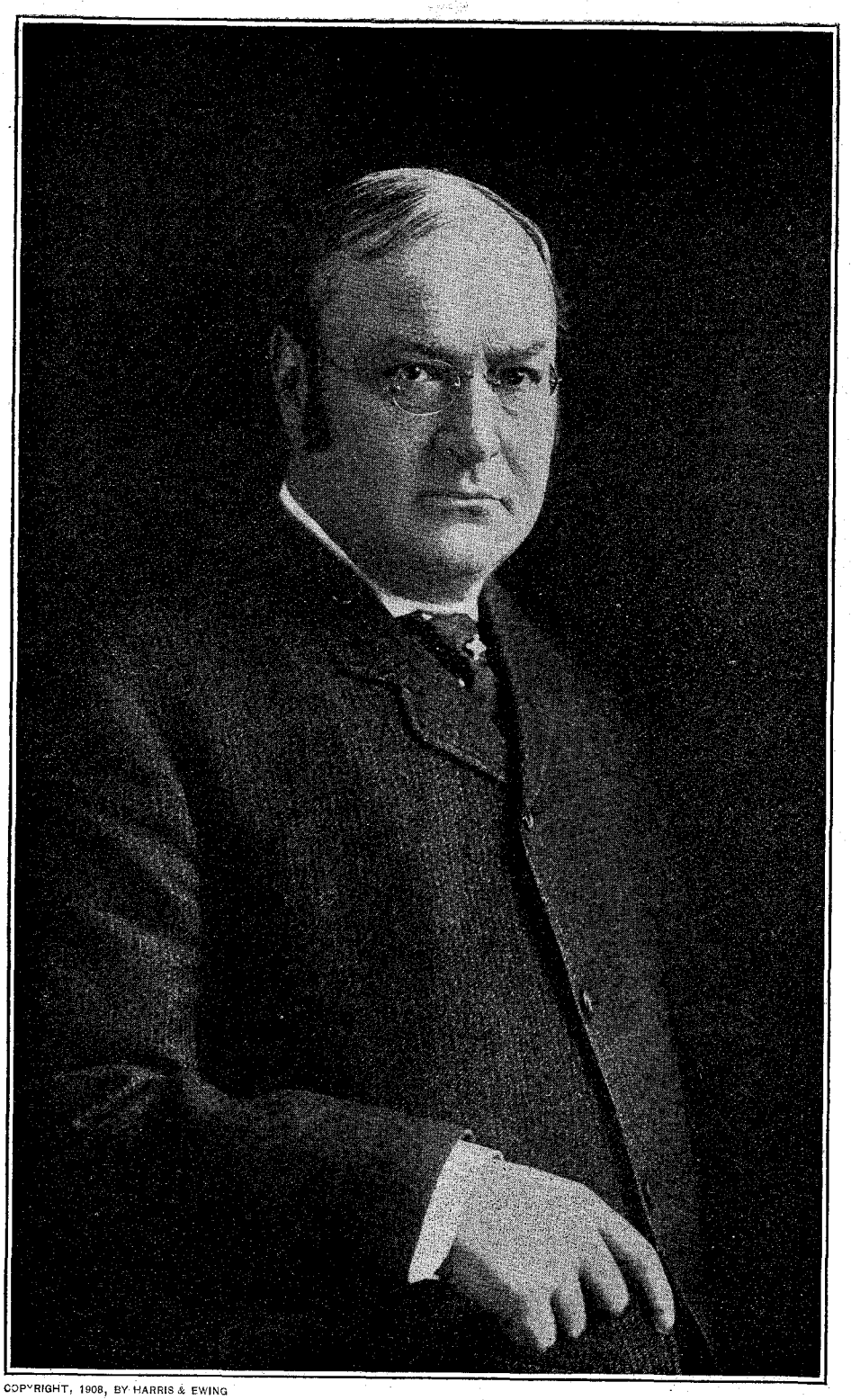

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JAMES SCHOOLCRAFT SHERMAN

The Republican Candidate for Vice-President

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with the intention of arousing the Roosevelt demonstration, which was inevitable, at a time when it would do the least harm; and that it was a keen realization of the peculiarities of mob psychology which led him to time his convincing statement of the President's unavailability for the moment when the crowd's enthusiasm was burnt out and its mind receptively relaxed. If it was design, it was masterly. If it was an accident, it was a happy one. In any case it was effective. The "second elective term" bogie for the third and last time received its death-stroke; with hardly a perceptible quiver it closed its eyes and died.

The great demonstration was the first event to break the deadly monotony of the Convention. The first day dawned (at least, I suppose it did; it looked at eight o'clock as if it had) on traditional Republican weather. The air was full of sunshine, the sky was a deep blue tempered by fleecy clouds, and on the lake-front, where the Auditorium group of hotels formed a focus of extra-Convention activity, the smart breeze from Lake Michigan cooled, refreshed, and kept clean the gathered thousands. Doubtless Chicago's pall of coal-smoke was being blown somewhere. but that blessed wind was keeping it away from us. By eleven o'clock the crowds were moving toward the Coliseum. By twelve they were practically all seated, twelve thousand of them, with no confusion, no disorder, no discomfort. Every arrangement was perfect. Doorkeepers, ushers, sergeants-at-arms, and policemen were courteous but inflexible.

Shortly after noon the Convention was called to order, and after the routine preliminaries Senator Julius Cæsar Burrows stepped forward as Temporary Chairman to "sound the keynote" of the campaign. For an hour and a quarter the keynote was sounded in a voice that might perhaps be heard by the official reporter in front of the platform and by the first row of delegates, and with a delivery about as stimulating as the gyrations of a cigar-store Indian. The speech of the Temporary Chairman was a great triumph—for the faction in the party who had caused his selection with a purpose of minimizing the emphasis on the Administration's policies and chilling any ardor for the President and his plans. The first session ended in gloom. The reactionaries should have been pleased. But their pleasure could be only short-lived. It was a harmonious Convention, ready and anxious to indorse the policies of the Roosevelt Administration and to nominate the candidate who best represented them.

At Wednesday's session the Committee on Credentials unanimously reported its recommendation that the temporary roll of the Convention as prepared by the National Committee be made the permanent one. The Committee had sat from the middle of the afternoon till five o'clock in the morning, and had patiently gone over the hundred and ten contested cases presented by the "allies." Doubtless the Administration critics will continue to talk of "steam-roller" methods, but the truth seems to be that the cases of the contesting delegations were wretchedly prepared and presented, and that the evidence was all on the other side.

While the report of the Credentials Committee was being awaited, the usual procession of marching clubs filed through the hall. Straight across from the east door to the west, in the aisle between the platform and the delegates, they made their way, each club headed by a band. First the Americus-Tariff Club, of Pittsburgh, one man of each pair carrying an umbrella of red, white, and blue, while the other bore one of yellow and black. From the press seats a small army of variegated toadstools seemed to be moving across the hall, spinning like dervishes as they went. From beneath the toadstools we were informed that they approved of Knox and all his works, and the Pennsylvania delegation received the announcement with enthusiasm. Then Uncle Joe Cannon's neighbors, as their banner informed us, with the band at their head hammering out "Tammany," though why just that tune I have not discovered. This time the Illinois delegation disported itself, standing on chairs, waving anything at hand, and shouting for Cannon. Then the Blaine Club, from Cincinnati, and the Ohio dele-

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gates joined them in their fervor for Taft. Then more Knox boomers, giving Pennsylvania another chance, a club from Indianapolis with Fairbanks as their hero, and, last, a Glee Club from Columbus, Ohio. This organization, it was said, had attended every National Convention since 1876 and every inauguration. Stopping before the platform, they sang several songs with excellent rhythm and harmony, including sundry marvelous "barber-shop chords." They sang of "Billy Taft" and also of the Star-Spangled Banner, and the great audience seemed to enjoy the performance. In fact, the incident of the marching clubs seemed to indicate that the crowd was glad to hear music, band or vocal, but that it was not ready to be very enthusiastic about any candidate just yet. It was as lukewarm at the mention of one name as of every other, if not, as the Irish have it, a little more so. When the clubs had gone their way, the Credentials Committee reported that the permanent organization of the Convention was adopted, Senator Lodge began his speech, and then the deluge.

One other important subject occupied the attention of the Convention on Wednesday. A resolution had been introduced the day before by Congressman Burke, of Pennsylvania, providing that in future conventions each State should be entitled to four delegates at large and one additional delegate for each 10,000 Republican votes, or majority fraction thereof, cast at the preceding Presidential election. The resolution had been referred to the Committee on Rules, and on Wednesday the Chairman of that Committee presented an unfavorable report on it. A strong minority report was also presented, however, by Mr. Burke, and for two hours the resolution was debated on the floor. The purpose of the proposed change was, of course, to change the basis of representation in the Republican Convention from the population of a State to the number of Republican voters in the State. The effect of it would be to reduce the representation of the Southern States and to increase the number of delegates from some of the larger Northern States. Alabama, for instance, would have 6 votes instead of 22, Georgia 6 instead of 26, Louisiana 5 instead of 18, Mississippi 4 instead of 20, South Carolina 4 instead of 18, and Texas 9 instead of 36. On the other hand, New York's representation would be increased from 78 to 90, that of Illinois from 54 to 67, Indiana's from 30 to 41, Michigan's from 28 to 40, Ohio's from 46 to 64, and Pennsylvania's from 68 to 88. The inequalities of the present system were graphically pointed out by Mr. Burke when he asked:

> What is your opinion of a rule that allows South Carolina to cast one vote here for every 136 Republican votes, while it gives to Colorado one vote for every 13,000 votes cast at the general election, while it gives to Ohio one vote for every 12,914; a rule that gives to Mississippi one vote for every 159 votes that she casts, and at the same time gives to Pennsylvania, to New York, to New Jersey, and to many of the great States of the West, like Indiana and Illinois, upon whose soil we meet to-day, one vote for every 11,000 votes that they cast at the general election? If Pennsylvania were given the same representation in this Convention to-day as South Carolina, we would have 650 delegates on this floor. If Ohio had her vote apportioned upon the same basis and according to the same rule as South Carolina, she would have 540 delegates in this Convention.

In the debate the new plan was supported by several prominent delegates from Northern States, and vehemently, almost violently, opposed by Southern representatives. The most telling arguments advanced against it were that it would enable seven or eight of the larger States, including New York, Pennsylvania, and Illinois, to control the action of future Conventions by a preponderance of votes; that it would tend to make the Republican party a sectional party, "even more," as Governor Willson, of Kentucky, said, "than the negro question has done to make the Democratic party a sectional party;" and that the Republican party would lose thousands of colored votes in the North as well as the South. It was probably this last consideration which defeated the proposal, for if even half of the Ohio delegates who voted against it had taken the other side, the minority report would have been adopted. The vote was close —471 in favor of the Burke plan and

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506 against it. The Southern States were, of course, a unit against it, and they were reinforced by solid delegations from California, Idaho, Kansas, Nevada, North Dakota, and Wyoming in the West, by one-third of the votes of Michigan, one-half of Minnesota, two-thirds of Missouri, and three-fourths of Iowa, and by 38 votes out of 46 in Ohio, as well as by scattering votes in other States. The close vote apparently indicated the trend of opinion in the party, especially when it is remembered that eight years ago a similar resolution was introduced and withdrawn without ever coming to a vote. And so the second day ended.

The first day had been stale, flat, and unprofitable, except possibly in the provision of the "campaign material" which, in some mysterious way, the "keynote" speech is supposed to furnish. The second day had been full of interest, provided by a vigorous and polished speech from the Permanent Chairman, an exciting demonstration for the President, and an excellent debate. The third day was destined to be an ordeal, and the fourth—but that comes after. During Wednesday night the fresh east wind, which had made two days delightful, reversed itself, and Thursday was oppressive with heat and humidity, and disgusting with coal-smoke and cinders. The whole aspect of the Convention changed, and with it its temper. Galleries, platform, and floor became a mass of incessantly moving fans, thoughtfully, or rather enterprisingly, provided by a Chicago newspaper and a manufacturer of beer.

The first business was the report of the Committee on Resolutions. The Committee, and more especially a subcommittee, had been working diligently over the few planks in the platform which had been the subject of controversy between the Administration supporters in the middle, the conservatives on one side, and the labor leaders and certain ultra-radicals on the other.

The reading of the platform by the Chairman of the Committee, Senator Hopkins, of Illinois, was received with small interest. In the first place, it could not be heard, and, in the second, it had all been published in advance, with the possible exception of the final form of some of the disputed planks. What interest there was, centered in the question of whether a minority report would be made. The interest quickly subsided when it appeared that there was such a report, representing a minority of *one*. Congressman Cooper, of Wisconsin, the insurgent leader in the House of Representatives, presented that report, which offered planks embodying the main principles of the radical La Follette faction. They included the physical valuation of railways for the determination of rates, popular election of United States Senators, tariff changes for the purpose of curbing trusts, a permanent tariff commission, unalterable opposition to ship subsidies, the abolition of injunctions in labor disputes, and publicity of campaign expenditures. After reading his report, Mr. Cooper presented some arguments in favor of it, affording a little amusement when he caught himself saying, "We of the minority," and remarked, "I am using it in the editorial sense—I of the minority." The minority report was supported also by other Wisconsin delegates. The only argument in favor of the majority report was made briefly by Senator Hopkins, who said, in part:

"This Convention selected fifty-three members from the body of the Convention, one from each delegation, to prepare a declaration of principles. In our deliberations every plank that has been offered by the gentleman from Wisconsin was considered. Everything that is Republican in any one of those planks is already adopted in the majority report. Now, gentlemen, the question for you to determine is whether you will stand by the report of the majority, or whether you will take the Socialist-Democratic utterances of Wisconsin."

At the request of certain delegates three of the planks presented by Mr. Cooper were voted on separately, the direct election of Senators receiving 113 votes, the physical valuation of railways 63 votes, and publicity of campaign expenditures 94 votes, while the remainder of the Wisconsin recommendations received only 28 votes. It was interest-

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ing to note that the proposition for publicity of campaign expenditures was solidly opposed by the Ohio delegation in spite of Secretary Taft's declaration a few weeks ago in favor of it.

Once more harmony had displayed itself. In the committee-room the conservatives had been harmonized, though possibly with a club, and on the floor of the Convention, harmony had only been delayed a moment, not endangered, by the little group of irreconcilables from the Badger State.

Then quickly to the presentation of candidates for the Presidency. In the sonorous voice which has made him famous, the Secretary of the Convention, John R. Malloy, began to call the roll. No response was heard till Illinois was reached, when Congressman Henry S. Boutell ascended the platform to present Speaker Cannon's name. It was doubtless a good speech, but the crowd was not interested. Next Indiana presented its candidate, Vice-President Fairbanks, by the mouth of Governor J. Frank Hanly. His speech was interrupted by a lamentable exhibition of bad manners on the part of the audience. Before he had been speaking long it began to yell at him, calling on him to stop, ridiculing him, and burlesquing his mannerism of slapping one hand into the palm of the other. The speaker did not help matters any by violently losing his temper, and it was only when Senator Lodge threatened in convincing tones to have the police clear the galleries that Governor Hanly was allowed to finish. General Stewart L. Woodford, in a short speech, placed Governor Hughes in nomination, and then the Secretary came, by way of "North Carolina" and "North Dakota," to the name which he rolled out with soul-satisfying unction—"Oo—hii—oo." The response was instantaneous. Delegates and spectators were on their feet in a moment, and for four minutes they cheered and applauded. Then Representative Theodore E. Burton presented the name of William Howard Taft. As he closed, the Convention rose again, and for twenty-five minutes duplicated the scene of Wednesday, with two differences. Now they were cheering for Taft, and now the delegates, who had for the most part kept silent the day before, were leading the demonstration. Sent there by their constituents to nominate Taft, it was no business of theirs to promote a stampede for Roosevelt. But it was their business, and, it seemed, their pleasure, to extend a tribute to their candidate. Suddenly, as they cheered, a great photographic portrait of the genial Secretary was brought in, and with it at the head, a procession of delegates, carrying the placards with the names of their States, began to move about the hall.

For nearly half an hour the delegates, except those from "favorite son" States, enjoyed themselves, or did their duty, and then matters were allowed to proceed. C. P. McCoy, of Ohio, in a refreshingly brief speech, presented the name of Senator Foraker; Lieutenant-Governor Murphy, of Pennsylvania, nominated Senator Knox; and Henry F. Cochens, a young man and a former football coach, in a speech whose interminable length exhausted both his own voice and the patience of the audience, named Senator La Follette. As the last nomination was made, the Wisconsin delegation exploded in tribute to their idol, and the crowd took up the effort, quickly transforming it, however, into an imitation of the Roosevelt demonstration of the day before. Probably some of the enthusiasm was genuine, but much of it seemed compounded of relief at the ending of the speeches and revolt against the weather. In any case it was useless, for, even while the racket continued, the roll-call for nomination began, the Secretary shouting his inquiry to each State in turn through a megaphone, receiving its vote through the same instrument reversed, and passing the vote on to the tally-clerks in the same way. By the time he reached Georgia the audience realized what was going on and settled down to be good and hear the result. The vote went steadily on along the expected lines. By a curious coincidence, it was just as the vote of Ohio was added to the total that Taft's majority was made up. So Ohio had the honor of nominating its own candidate. It is also an interesting commentary on the

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perfection of modern methods of campaign management that Secretary Taft received only one less vote than his manager predicted a week before, and that one less can be accounted for by an absent delegate. The roll-call over, and the nomination made unanimous on the motion of General Woodford, seconded by representatives of the other unsuccessful candidates, the crowd poured out to seek what relief it might from hunger, thirst, heat, weariness, and dirt. It had been a seven-hour session and a trying ordeal.

Nothing remained for the next day but the Vice-Presidency. For five days it had been in doubt. New Jersey had persistently presented its ex-Governor, Franklin Murphy; Massachusetts its Governor, Curtis Guild; the many friends and admirers of John Hays Hammond had been urging his selection as a candidate with no political drawbacks. Rumors had sprung up in rapid succession. The Administration wanted Dolliver, of Iowa; Iowa couldn't spare Dolliver from the Senate, where he must stay to keep out Cummins. Then Cummins would do; no, he would not. Well, how about Fairbanks again? Fairbanks would not take it. California was going to put forward George A. Knight, Minnesota to suggest Frank Kellogg. New York would nominate James S. Sherman if it were not presenting Hughes for the Presidency. All was chaos and dark night. But when the Presidential nomination was out of the way, the air became clear as a bell. New York, a powerful but doubtful State, whose electoral vote was badly needed, united on Sherman with a whoop. The head of the ticket presumably agreed. Uncle Joe Cannon was prevailed upon to second the nomination, and when the last session opened State after State fell over itself in its haste to mount the band-wagon. The Convention resolved itself into what Mr. Dooley calls a "gratification" meeting, and Sherman received 816 votes and a rousing demonstration.

Two distinct impressions remain to the observer of his first convention from his experience in Chicago, one general, the other specific.

A convention is not a deliberative body. Like the House of Representatives, it does its work in Committee, and with regard to the principal matters which come before it, decision is reached long before the Convention itself meets. Loudly as some newspapers and other critics may rail at the selection of the candidate in advance, this seems to have been the rule for at least three campaigns before the present one. In the present case, the cut-and-dried aspect of the situation seems, to me at least, to mean one thing. The people of the Republican party throughout the country have come to believe in certain principles, either new or newly adapted to changed conditions. They want the policies embodying those principles continued. The man under whose leadership those policies have been inaugurated and steadily pushed forward is not available for further service at the moment. So the party accepts the man next best fitted to carry on the work, Secretary Taft has been nominated, and an "Administration" platform has been adopted, not because Theodore Roosevelt has thrust those things down the throat of the party, but because the party has in the past seven years acquired a taste for that kind of food, and has voluntarily opened its mouth to take in the best sample of it that it can get.

The second impression is that there is not yet great personal enthusiasm for Mr. Taft. But for this there seem to me to be two reasons. There is no man in the country who, coming right after the most popular leader that the United States has known since Abraham Lincoln, could arouse at the beginning real popular enthusiasm. The other reason seems to me to be that Mr. Taft is not known personally throughout the country. He has spent so much time doing his work steadily and quietly in Cuba, Panama, the Philippines, Washington, that the people do not know him as a man. There is great admiration for him as an executive, a statesman; but it needs the personal touch to give warm, hearty enthusiasm for the man. And that enthusiasm I believe he will arouse and keep when the opportunity does come for the people to meet him face to face.

H. J. H.

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SUMMER

AND

WINTER

SIX PHOTOGRAPHS

BY

JOHN KABEL

The Summer comes and the Summer goes;
Wild-flowers are fringing the dusty lanes,
The swallows go darting through fragrant rains,
Then, all of a sudden—it snows.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich

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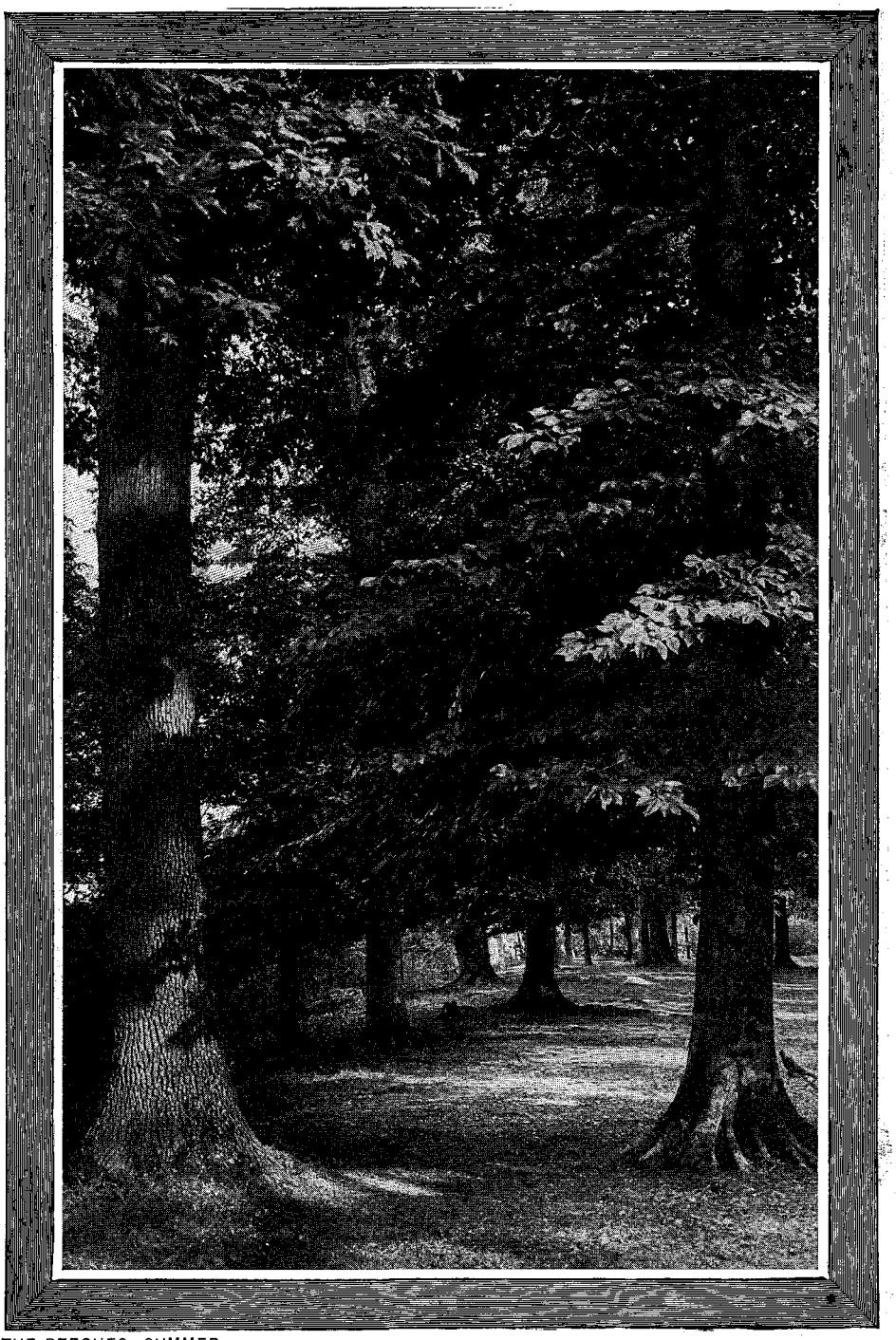

THE BEECHES—SUMMER

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THE BEECHES—WINTER

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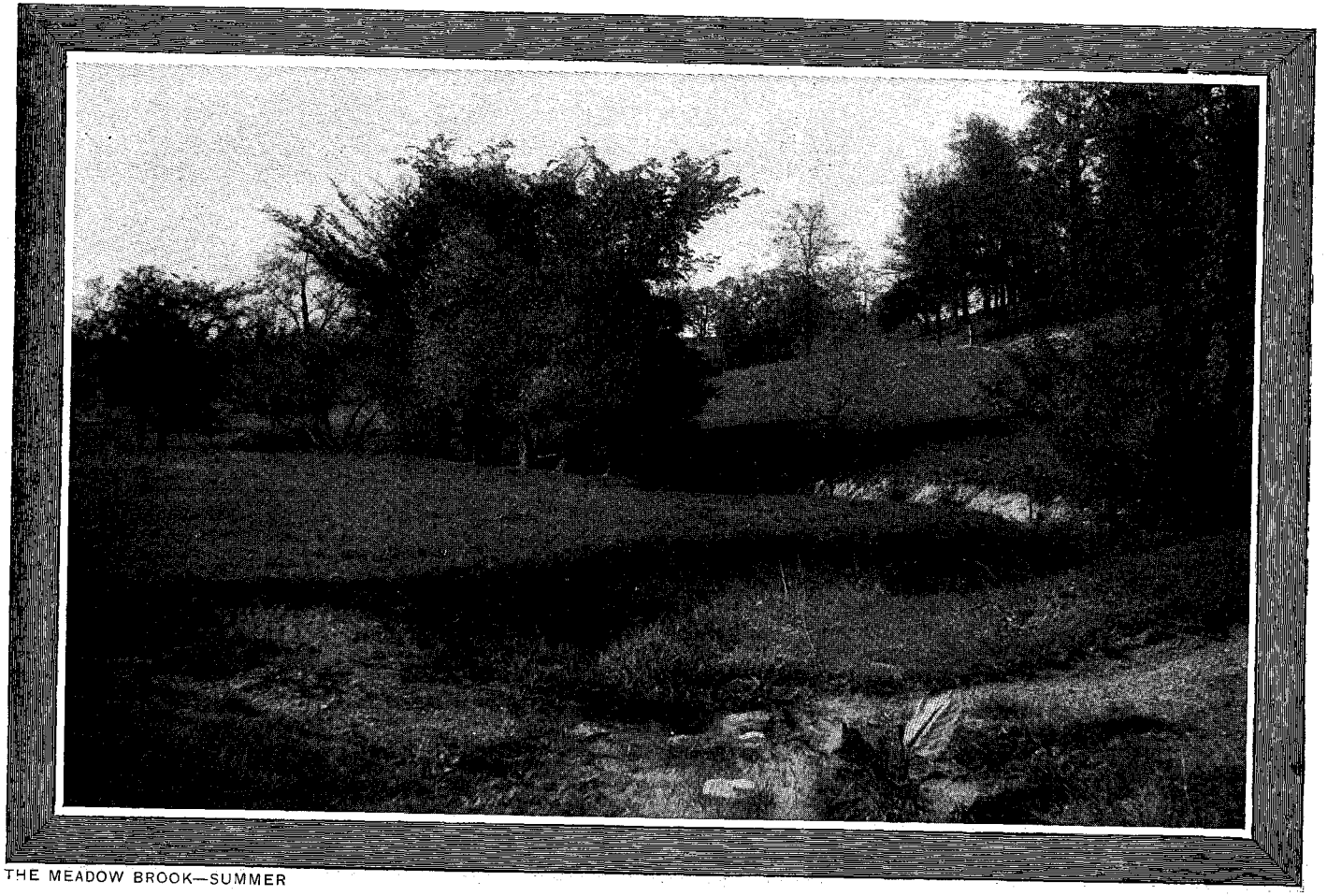

THE MEADOW BROOK—SUMMER

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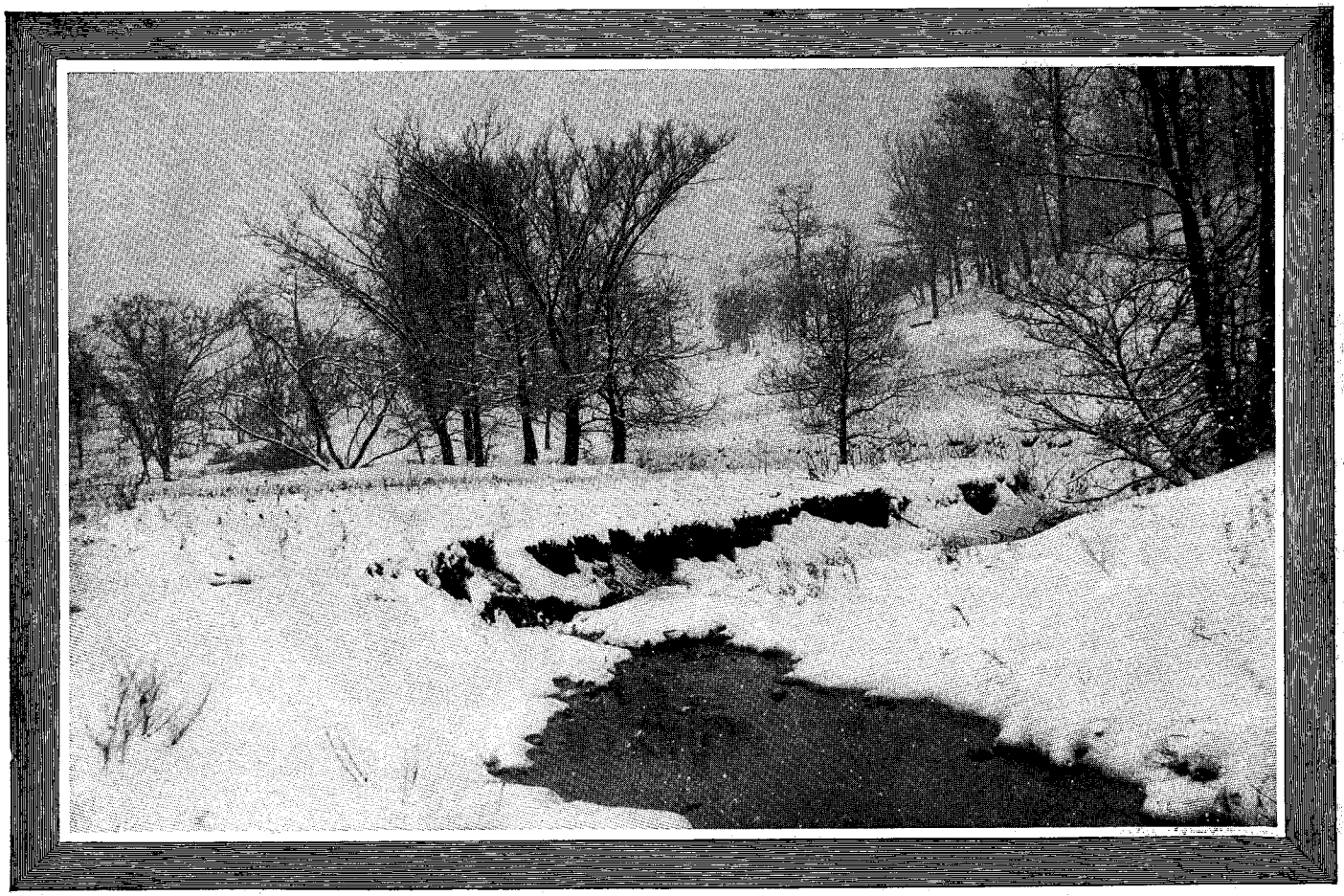

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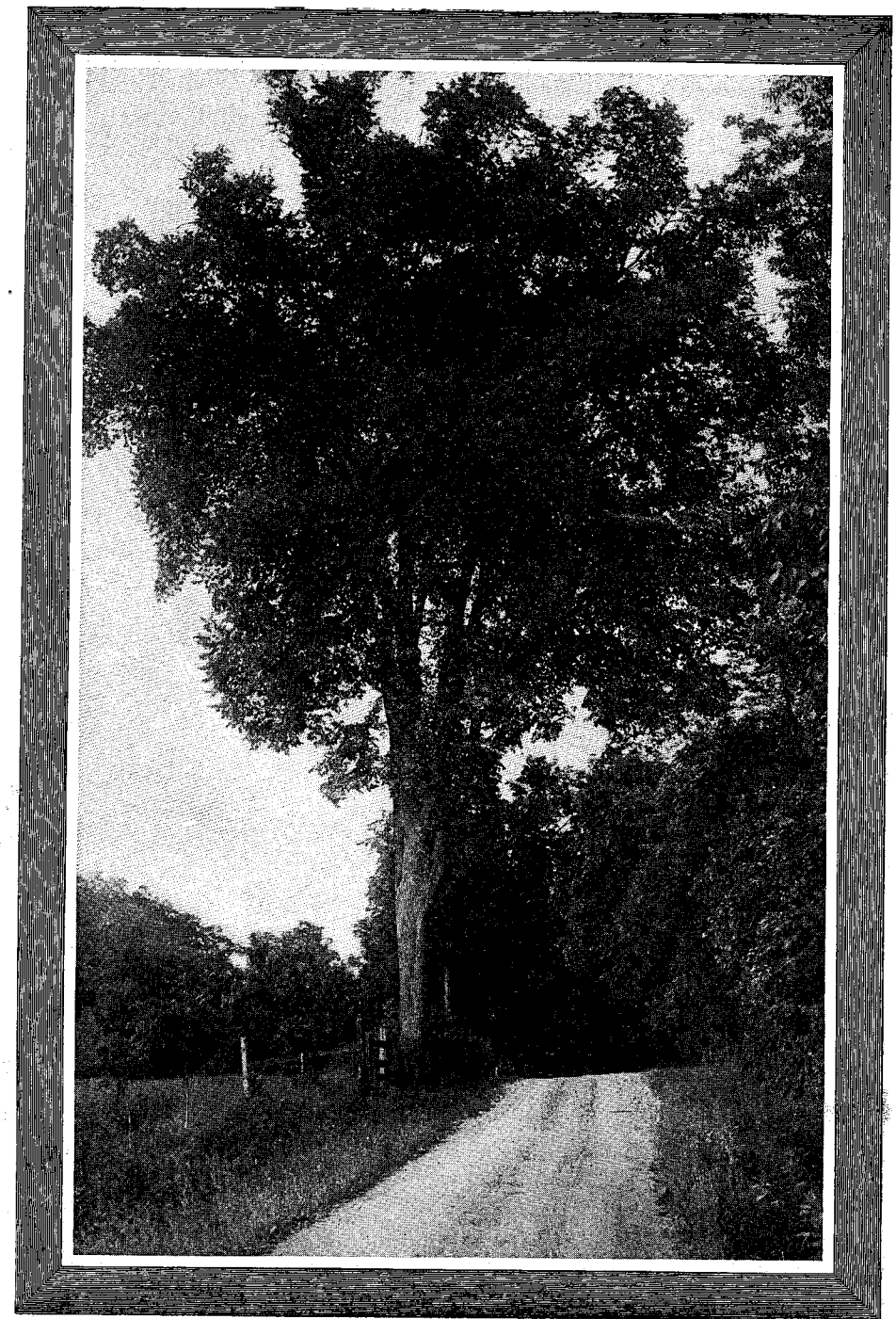

THE SENTINEL—SUMMER

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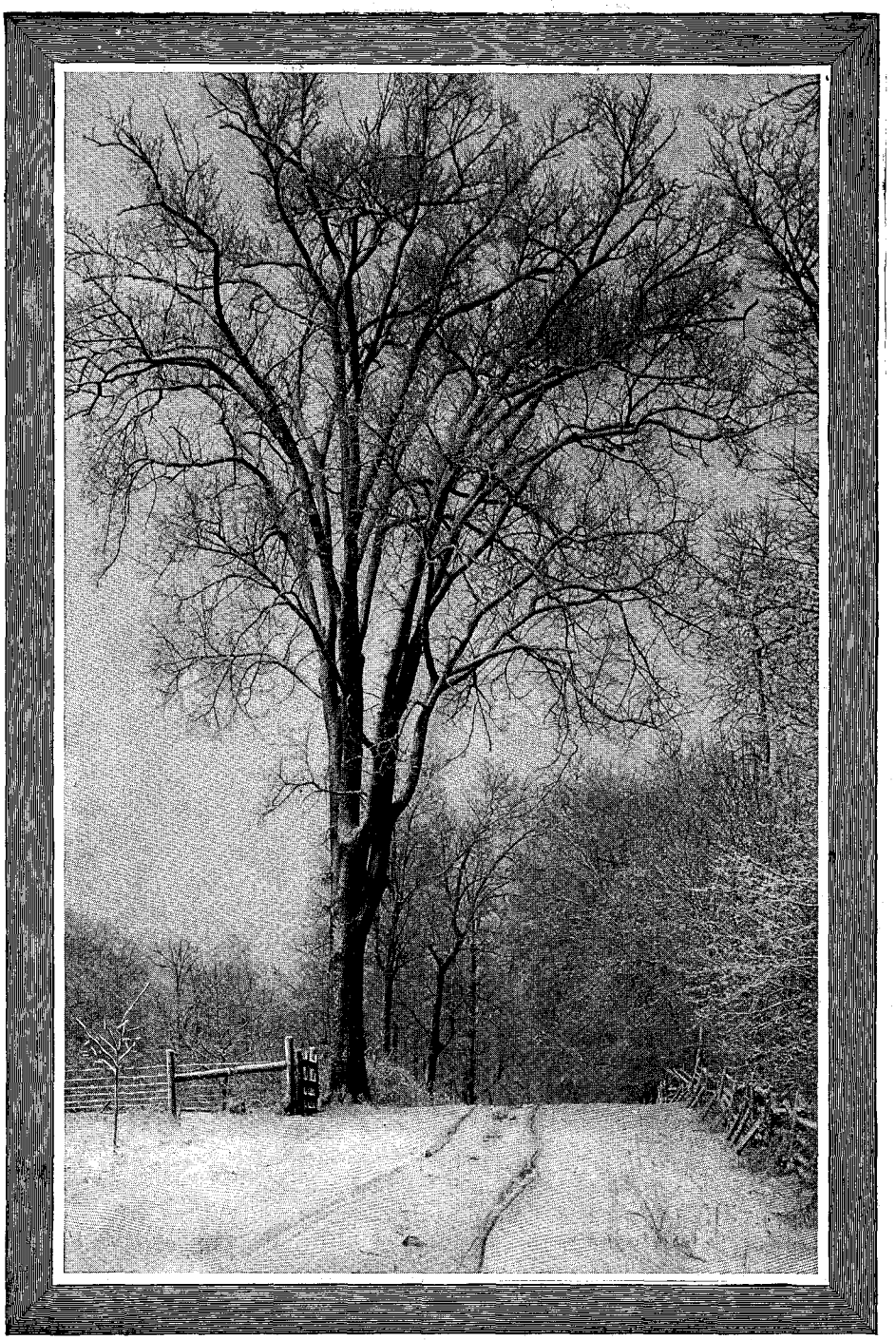

THE SENTINEL—WINTER

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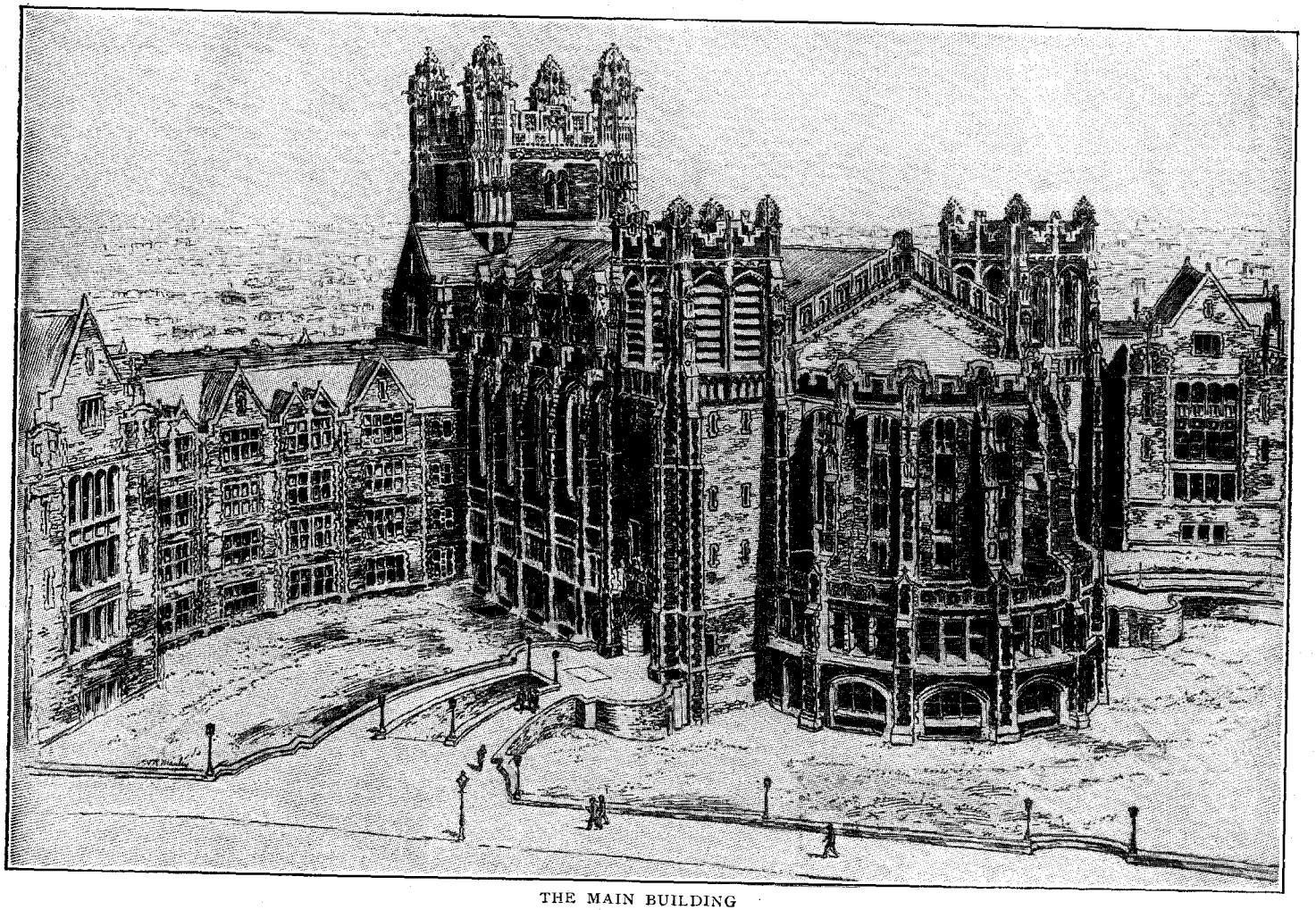

THE MAIN BUILDING

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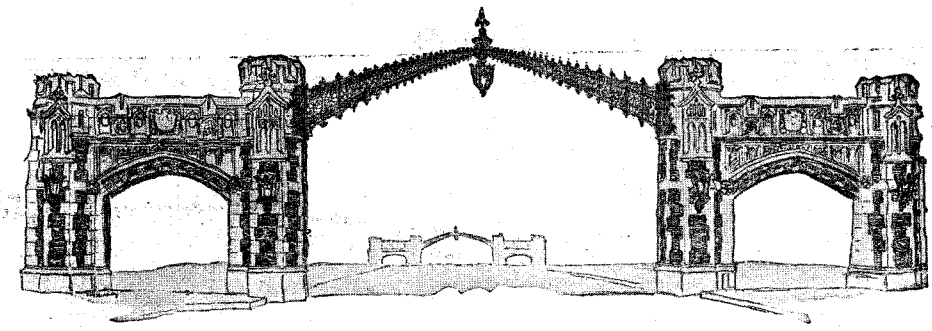

THE SOUTH GATEWAY

THE SPIRIT OF THE CITY COLLEGE

BY STEPHEN PIERCE DUGGAN

Associate Professor of Education

WITH DRAWINGS BY THOMAS R. MANLEY

IN the annual report of the Board of Education of the City of New York for the year 1846 there appears the following representation: "It has long been a source of regret to many citizens entertaining a lively interest in the cause of public education that there exists in our city no institution of a higher grade for the gratuitous instruction of those pupils who have completed their primary education in our common schools." No one in the city at that date took a more "lively interest in the cause of education" than the then President of the Board of Education, Mr. Townsend Harris, who became soon afterward the first American Minister to Japan, by whose scholars he is remembered with the same respect that is entertained for him by the Alumni of the City College. Acting under the inspiration of Mr. Harris, the Board of Education memorialized the Legislature of the State for the establishment of a "Free College or Academy," and the Legislature responded with the Act of May 7, 1847, which empowered the Board of Education to establish the Free Academy, provided the question whether it should be established was first submitted to popular vote. This was done, and there were six times as many votes cast in the affirmative as in the negative. On January 27, 1847, the new institution, whose entire plant, site, and building had cost less than $100,000, was formally opened with a teaching corps of ten and a student body of one hundred and forty-three. Such were the modest beginnings of the College of the City of New York, which on May 14 last formally dedicated its beautiful new buildings that represent an expenditure of $6,000,000, and that house four thousand students and two hundred and fourteen teachers.

This popular vote determined the character of the City College. It was to be the people's college, to be supported by the people's money. Sprung from the common schools, it was to be the capstone of the free public school system of the city, and its mission was to keep open for all the boys of the city the avenues to the highest learning. In that noble mission it has never faltered. Based upon no religious foundation, supported by no private philanthropy, it has kept its doors wide open to the youth of all races and creeds, of all classes of society. Nor has the city ever wavered in its support. Ungrudgingly it has responded to every appeal of the College. Generously it has provided for its ever-increasing needs, and to-day no city harbors a more beautiful cluster of academic

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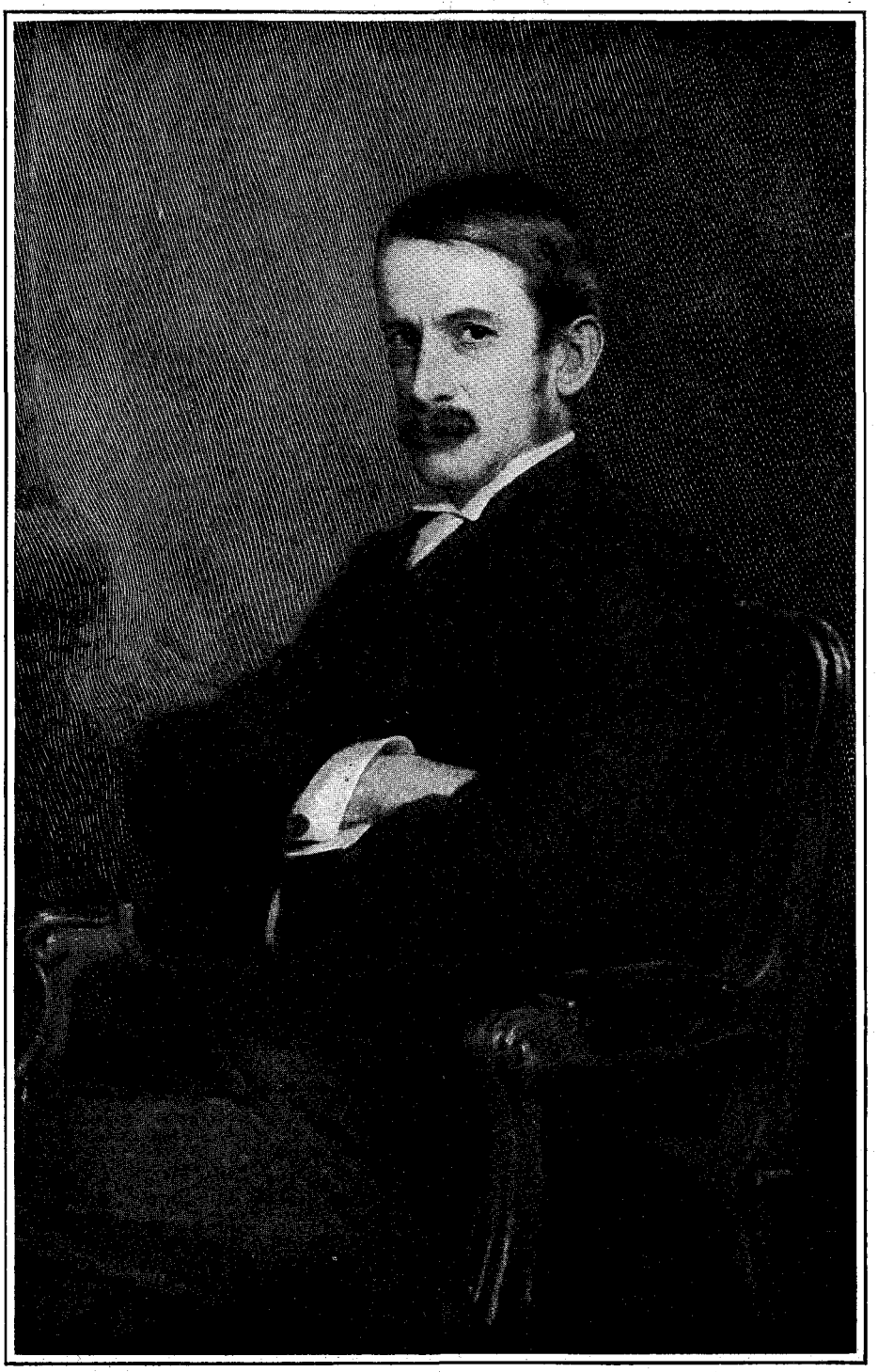

EDWARD M. SHEPARD
Chairman of the Board of Trustees

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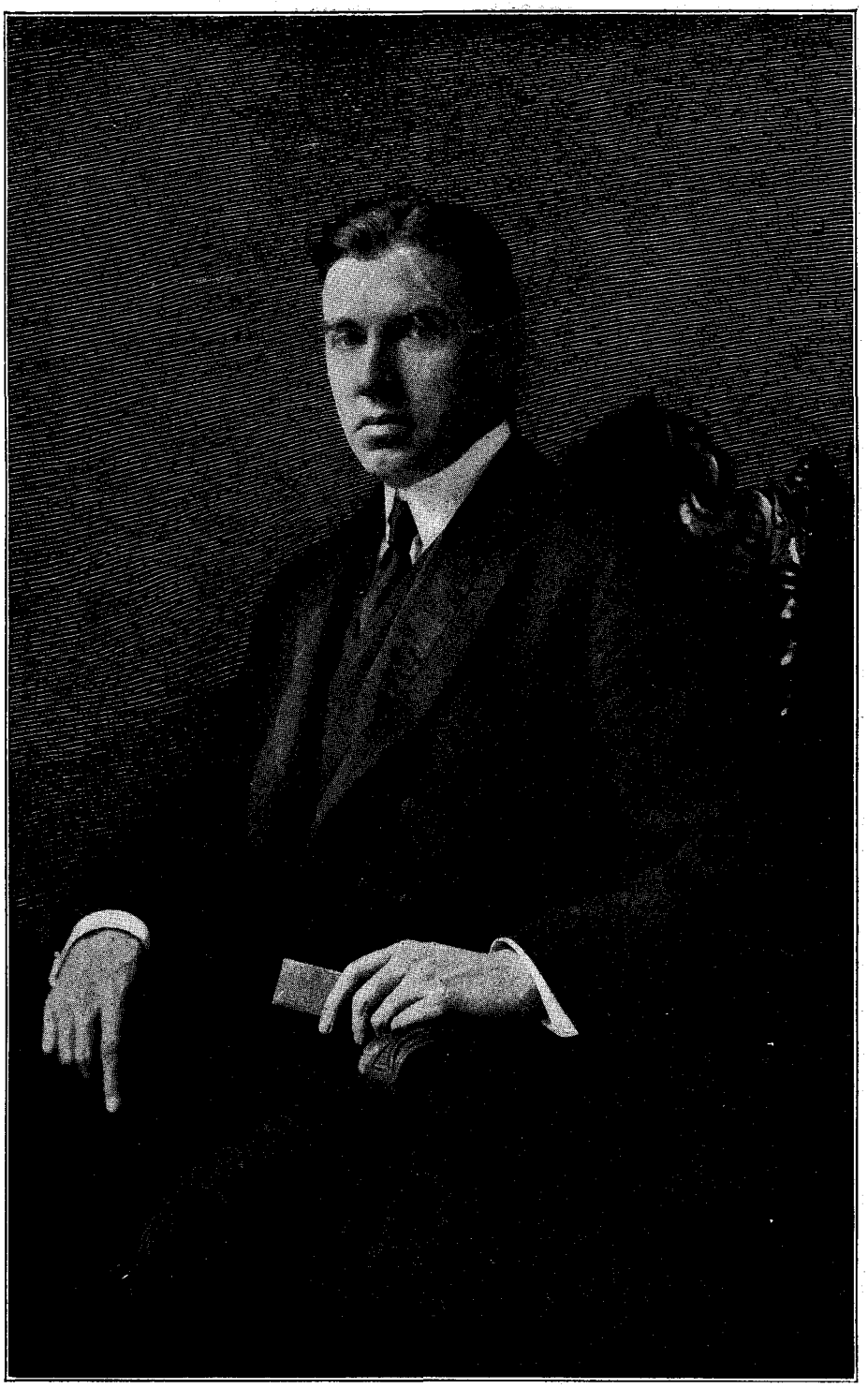

JOHN H. FINLEY
President of the College

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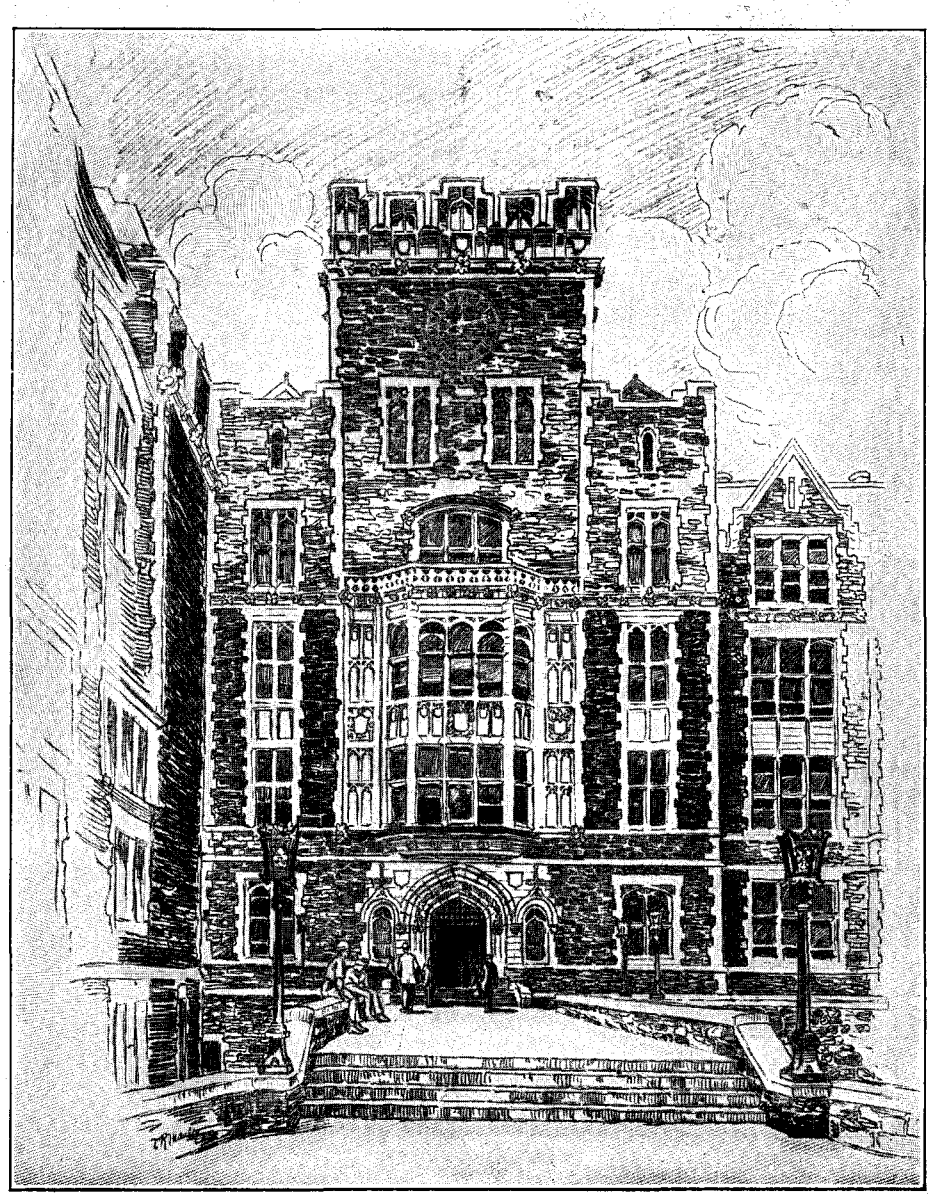
buildings. Has any city ever done so much? Has any city ever given finer evidence that it values the things of the spirit?

The first President of the Free Academy, Horace Webster, was a graduate of West Point, and gave to the new institution the spirit of strict discipline which has characterized it ever since. The Free Academy was to be a place of hard work. Admission was by examination only, and the examination was severe. Its method of instruction was by recitation, with which was associated a rigorous marking system. The lecture system and the studies which lend themselves readily to the lecture system received little favor. A longer course in mathematics than in any college of the country was introduced, much attention was given to the classics, and all subjects were studied intensively. But the City



TOWNSEND HARRIS HALL

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College has developed in response to a demand. One of the finest tributes ever paid to American education is that which is found in the report of the Mosely Commission where it states that a striking characteristic of American education is its readiness to respond to new conditions. Though the City College has always maintained a high rank in mathematics and the classics, it has constantly undertaken progressive reforms in education. It was the first college of the country to establish a chair of English Language and Literature. It was likewise the first institution to establish a Department of the Mechanical Arts. It was one of the first to introduce a Scientific Course on a par with the Classical Course. Most of the reforms introduced in response to new social needs were due to the foresight of the second President, General Alexander S. Webb, who took office in 1869 soon after the Free Academy had changed its name to the College of the City of New York, in order to conform to the higher standards at which it aimed and the more advanced work it had undertaken. A graduate of West Point himself, General Webb maintained the strong discipline of his predecessor. But though he always respected the claims of the classics, he placed greater emphasis upon the sciences and modern languages. The chief contribution of this noble old soldier to the traditions of the College, however, is found in the spirit of honor and patriotism which he impressed upon the hundreds of students who studied within its walls during his administration.

In the meantime profound changes were taking place in the character of New York City. Its growth in numbers in the two decades between 1880–1900 was phenomenal. This was to a great extent due to the enormous influx of foreigners. But a different kind of immigrant was now flocking to our shores. Formerly hordes of people had come from Ireland and Germany, and had been readily assimilated by the native population. The later immigration had its origin in eastern and southern Europe. Great masses of these immigrants crowded into "quarters" and "ghettoes." The resulting burden cast upon the school authorities of the city for the education and Americanization of the children of these immigrants was almost overpowering. The City College had to bear its share of this burden. Its recitation-rooms became overcrowded, its teachers overworked. It became necessary to rent neighboring buildings for class-room purposes, and instruction was carried on under the most adverse conditions. The Board of Education tried to relieve the College of some of its burden by establishing a system of high schools in which the work preparatory to college should be undertaken. But students continued to flock to the College in ever-increasing numbers. It was perfectly evident that the only solution of the problem was the purchase of a new site and the erection of new buildings. The loyal body of alumni devoted itself to the task of securing these essentials with an enthusiasm and persistence which were truly admirable. Their efforts were crowned with success in 1895, when, by Act of the State Legislature, the city government was authorized to issue bonds to obtain the necessary funds for the purchase of a new site and the erection of new buildings for the City College. The years lengthened, however, and the old century rounded its course, but the high hopes of the alumni remained unrealized. The year 1900 saw a site purchase, but no buildings erected upon it.

The cause of the delay had become obvious. The Board of Education of the city was also the Board of Trustees of the College. The labors of the Board of Education, which was composed of busy citizens who gave their time gratuitously to the work, were enormous. In 1898 the old city of New York united with Brooklyn, Long Island City, and Staten Island to form Greater New York. The problem of reorganizing and properly articulating the educational systems of these municipal divisions demanded all the time and energy of the Board of Education of the city. It was evident that if the College were to come to its own, a separate body of men must be organized to care for its welfare. Again the Associate Alumni responded to the call of the College, and in 1900 secured the

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passage of an act by the State Legislature which created a separate Board of Trustees for the College. The Board was to consist of nine members to be appointed by the Mayor of the city for a term of nine years, and the President of the Board of Education was made a member *ex officio* to represent the interest of the school system in the College. The passage of this act marked a new epoch in the history of the College. Seldom has it been the good fortune of an institution to be served by a body of such devoted and high-minded men, and to them the College owes a debt of gratitude it can never repay. They gave their immediate attention to the pressing problem of securing appropriations for the erection of the new buildings. That accomplished, they were untiring in their attention to the details of the plans, determined that in its architecture, organization, and appointments the new College buildings should bear comparison with those of any institution in the country. The first President of the Board of Trustees was Mr. Edward Lauterbach, to whose zeal much of the success attending the decision in regard to the plans was due. Mr. Lauterbach was soon called from the Board, however, to render service to the State as a Regent of the University. Supremely fortunate were the College and the city in the selection of his successor, Mr. Edward M. Shepard. To his distinguished ability, untiring devotion, and lofty purpose has been due to a very great degree the remarkable progress that has attended the College in its recent years. The Boards of Trustees of the future will always be able to look back to his administration for inspiration and guidance. Few persons, indeed, have ever won the affections of a large body of men to the extent that Mr. Shepard has so deservedly won the love of the alumni of the City College.

In the midst of their planning for the physical reorganization of the College the Trustees were called upon to decide another matter of even greater importance, viz., the selection of a new President. After a successful and honorable tenure of thirty-four years, President Webb retired in 1903. This was, indeed, a crucial moment in the history of the College. To select a man who should be in sympathy with the traditions of the institution, who should be also aware of its possibilities, and who should have the qualities of heart and head necessary to realize them, was truly no light task. Four years of test under difficult conditions justifies the belief held by all who know the College that the Trustees were absolutely successful in their unanimous choice of Dr. John H. Finley. Dr. Finley's scholastic experience was such as to qualify him well for his new duties. He had been for seven years President of Knox College, Illinois, and had then been called to Princeton to succeed President Woodrow Wilson as Professor of Politics. To this fine experience were added a sound scholarship and a conscientious devotion to duty. But to enumerate these qualities is not to make known President Finley. That can be done only by personal contact, for his chief virtue is lovableness. President Finley soon won the hearts of teachers, students, and alumni; soon won the hearts of those of authority and eminence in the city. To-day, five years after his advent to the College, he holds one of the first positions in the educational and literary circles of the city.

To discuss the reforms consummated during the brief tenure of President Finley would consume most of the space allotted to this article. An enumeration must suffice. The requirements for admission had already been put upon the same basis as those for admission to the best colleges of the East, viz., the certificate of the College Entrance Examination Board, or diploma of graduation from the city high schools or the preparatory department of the College. A new curriculum was adopted equal to those of the most advanced colleges. The strong disciplinary character of the old curriculum was retained, but modified by the introduction of the elective system in the Senior and Junior years. To emphasize the importance of English as a subject of study in a college which draws a large percentage of its students from homes of foreign-born citizens, a Department of Public Speaking was established. To promote sound citizenship and devotion

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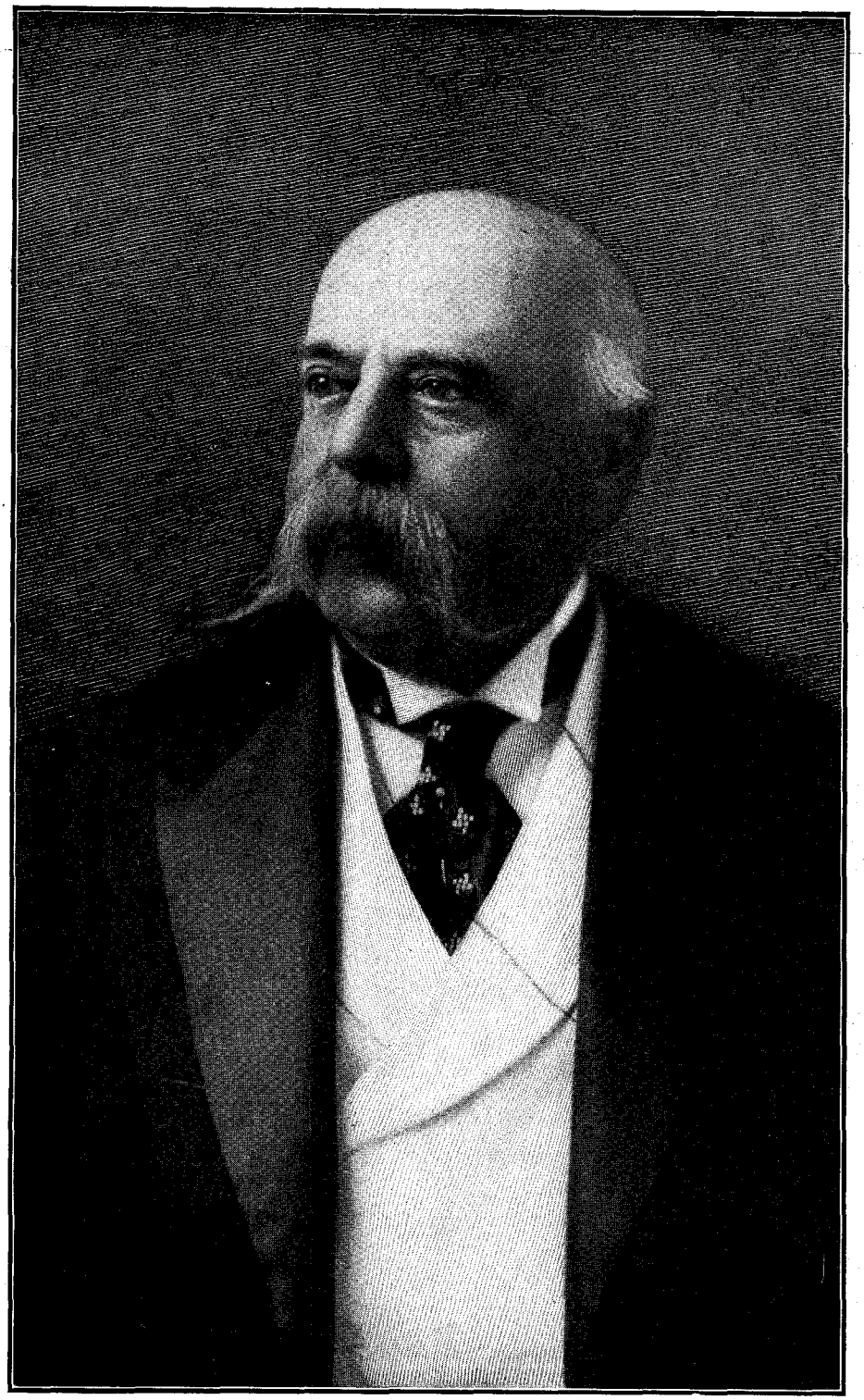

GEORGE B. POST
The architect of the new City College

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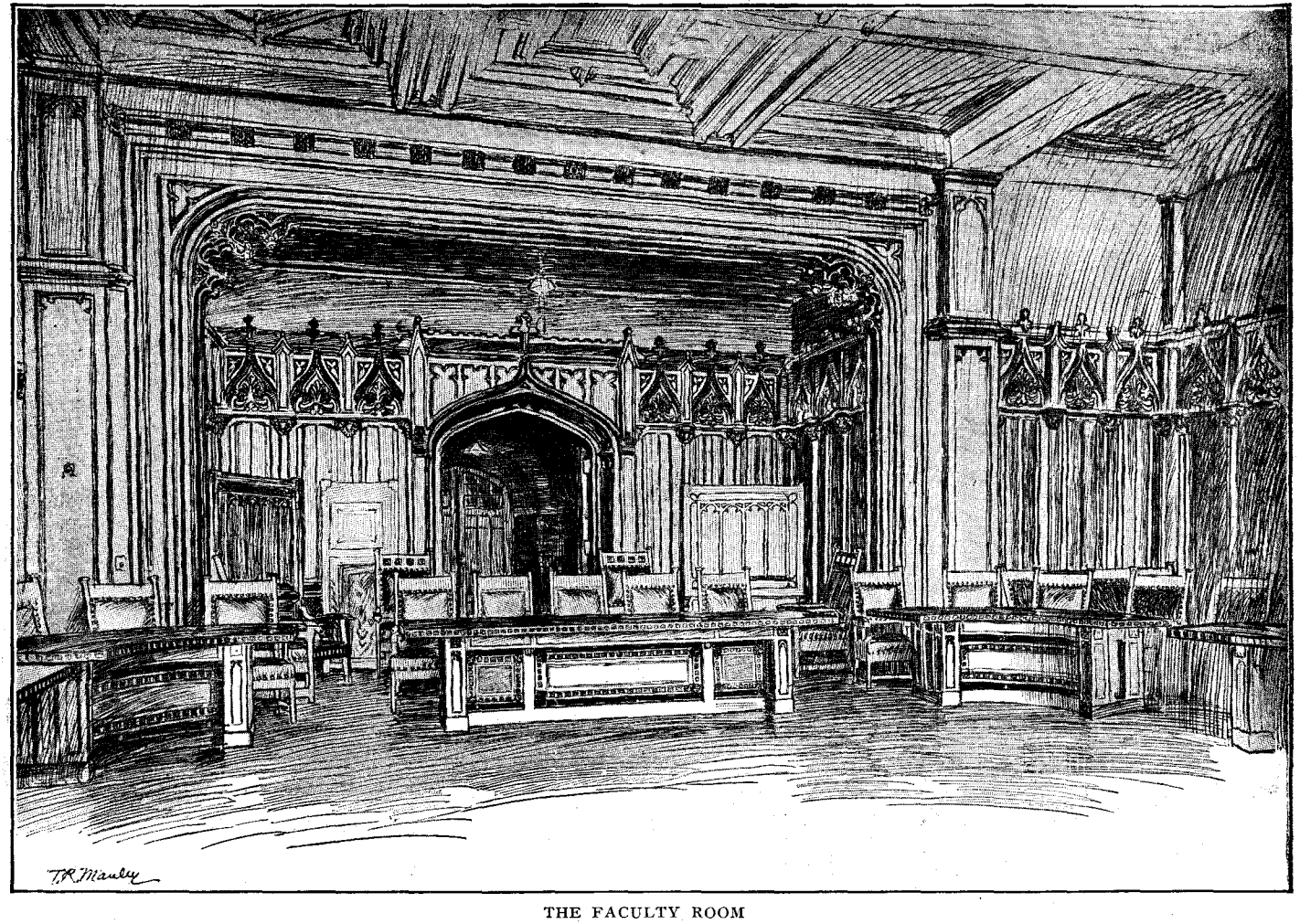

THE FACULTY ROOM

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to the public welfare, a Department of Political Science was organized. To provide the city with male teachers who should have the best possible preparation and equipment, a Department of Education was founded. To furnish the student with the systematic physical training vital in a city college where outdoor sports are necessarily limited in extent, a Department of Physical Training was established. To the departments which already promoted literature and the Fine Arts a Department of Music was added. All these college departments illustrate the fact that to the old spirit of discipline a new spirit of service to the city has been added. It is the determination of President Finley and his co-laborers that, while the primary duty of the College shall always be the higher education of the youth of the city, the College shall also become an efficient instrument for the social welfare. To this end they contemplate establishing a night college to give to the properly qualified adults of the city the same opportunity that is offered to the youth of the city. To this end also they contemplate providing the teachers of the city with afternoon extension courses in the various school subjects, so that they may be better equipped for their work. Though these additions to the work of the College are as yet only prospective, they give earnest of the desire of the President to be true to the College motto, "Respice, Adspice, Prospice," in its complete fullness.

More evidence of the fine influence which President Finley has exerted is given in the new College spirit among the students. This is partly due to the finer home of the College, and particularly to the good work that is done by the gymnasium, which is open to the students from morning till night. But it is also due to the increased confidence imposed in the students by the College authorities. The members of each class elect delegates to the Student Council, which confers with the Faculty Executive Council upon all matters concerning student activities. These activities have greatly increased during the past five years. To the Clionian and Phrenocosmian literary societies which have always existed in the College have been added a number of scientific organizations such as the Biological Club, the Mechanical Club, and the Chemistry Club, that are doing fine work in their respective fields. Though the College is non-religious, it is by no means irreligious, and the Young Men's Christian Association, the Newman Club, and the Zionist Society are flourishing organizations devoted to the spiritual welfare of the Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish students of the College. The musical activities of the students have also won general commendation. The College has its own orchestra and choral society, which willingly render service when requested. Finally, a great deal of progress has been made in athletics since the opening of the gymnasium. Interclass games are frequent, and games are played with teams of neighboring colleges; but, as the College is distinctively a place of work, and as no "cuts" are allowed, the danger of athleticism is not a pressing one.

What has the College of the City of New York done for the city? It has given the city a splendid example of clean administration. For sixty years the College has thriven untainted, and politics have had no influence in its workings. As the capstone of the public schools system, to which it has returned many of its graduates as teachers, it has had an inestimable influence in elevating the standard of the public schools. But more important than any other influence has been the contribution that it has made to the citizenship of the city in the alumni that it has sent forth. To whatever vocation one may turn, he will find in its first rank City College men. On the Supreme Court bench of the city there sit to-day six graduates of the College. Practicing before that bench are hundreds of alumni, led by such men as Edward M. Shepard, Everett P. Wheeler, and J. Hampden Dougherty. Many of its sons are in the city administration and represent the city in the State Legislature. Physicians like Dr. Robert Abbe, educators like Henry M. Leipziger, men of business like John Claflin, are loyal to its traditions. Nor is it in the city only that the power of the College is felt. It influences Johns

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Hopkins through Ira Remsen, Pennsylvania through John B. McMaster, Yale through Scripture, Columbia through Bashford Dean. And these are only the leaders of a multitude upon whom the College has impressed its great teaching that, as they have received freely, freely must they give. Whatever movement for the advancement of men's welfare is undertaken in New York finds support among the alumni of the City College. The College has never been so true to its ideals as it is to-day, viz., to remain a college pure and simple, to give young men a taste and interest in liberal culture, to cultivate manhood so that the city may obtain the noblest return for its munificence. Those ideals cannot be better summed up than in the words of its President spoken but yesterday: "I give myself hostage for these eager, noisy, ambitious young men that they will bring back to the city even more than they have received. . . . There will spring from this College a few men who alone will compensate the city for all this new spending of her treasures. But the pledge I bring is of our unceasing striving that all who go down from this hill, this place of transfiguration, into the city, shall go finer men and better citizens."

The advent of the new President gave an impetus to the erection of the new buildings. On the day of his installation, September 27, 1903, Mayor Low laid the corner-stone of the beautiful Main Building, in which the chief work of instruction was to be conducted. This building faces St. Nicholas Terrace and extends in a semicircle from One Hundred and Thirty-eighth Street to One Hundred and Fortieth Street. The central portion of it is the Great Hall, the most striking architectural feature of the entire group of buildings. From the exterior it resembles a beautiful Gothic cathedral, and it is to serve as the chapel of the College. Within is the most handsome interior of any building in New York, a fine example of the Tudor style. Its noble columns supporting the heavily timbered ceiling, its beautiful stained-glass windows decorated with the coats of arms of great American colleges, its wide platform backed by Mr. Blashfield's magnificent mural painting, its splendid organ, all combine to make this Hall worthy of the most exalted civic function. For it is to be not only a college chapel, but a Municipal Hall in which the city of New York may find a fitting place of assembly should it desire to hold some dignified ceremony, such as conferring the freedom of the city upon a distinguished visitor. To the west of the main building, facing Amsterdam Avenue, are two buildings—Townsend Harris Hall, which houses the preparatory department, and the Mechanical Arts Building—and between them is the Hudson Gate. The plaza between these two buildings and the Main Building is flanked on the south by the Gymnasium, facing One Hundred and Thirty-eighth Street; and between the Gymnasium and the Main Building is the Washington Gate. The plaza is flanked on the north by the Chemistry Building, facing One Hundred and Fortieth Street, and between the Chemistry Building and the Main Building is the Hamilton Gate. The entire group of buildings forms a magnificent crown to the city's Acropolis—Washington Heights, New York's "most delectable hill." It will be in the future one of the chief attractions to the stranger within our gates.

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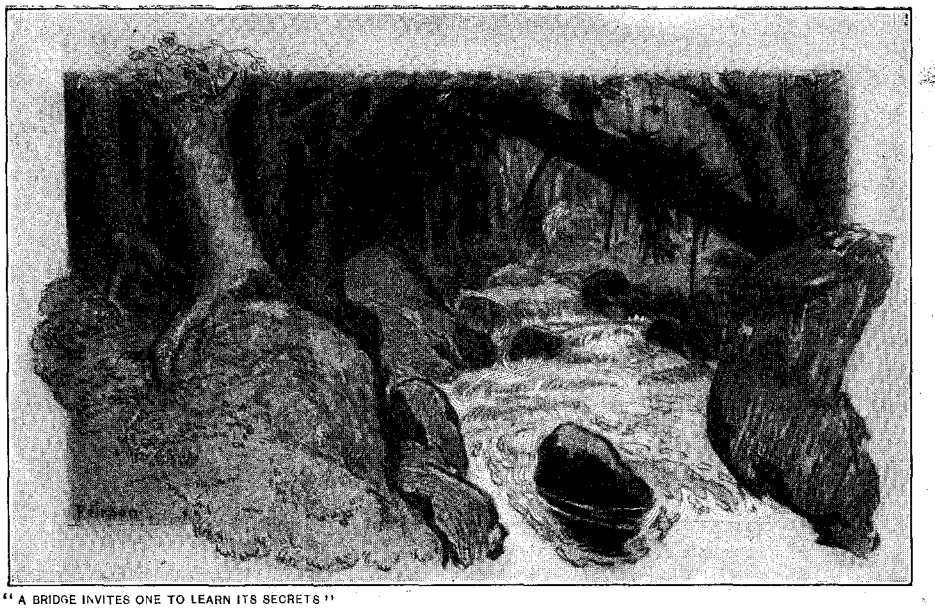

"A BRIDGE INVITES ONE TO LEARN ITS SECRETS"

THE SECRETS OF THE WOODS

BY W. RODMAN PEABODY

WITH DRAWINGS BY ALDEN PEIRSON

IF all the pleasures which the woods provide, the most delightful is the learning of their secrets. One scarcely realizes how large a proportion of curiosity there is in his character until he changes his environment from the world of people to the world of nature. During his working days a man may live an absorbed, self-centered life, indifferent whether the broker down the office corridor is a millionaire or a bankrupt, unconcerned whether the new baby of his next-door neighbor is a boy or a girl. But let that man leave civilization behind, and, if the spirit of the woods be in him, he suddenly develops an inquisitiveness about the life around him which, if ever directed towards his friends at home, would be stigmatized as impertinent if not vulgar. Like an old woman who sits through the year by the front window in order that no action of her neighbors may escape her notice, he delights in his familiarity with the gossip of the woods and streams. He is equally absorbed in learning whether a nervous bluebird has hatched her young and in discovering whether a field-mouse that left its tracks in the snow got safely home. Such a man is not necessarily a man of science. He may know little and care less about Latin names or comparative anatomy. He has simply reverted to the instincts of his primitive ancestors.

The lover of the woods goes to them, whether for an afternoon's tramp or for a month's camping trip, with a fixed purpose. He wants to find something or to learn something—it may be only to know how far he can see from the top of a hill, or to discover whether the skunk-cabbages are up. The precise character of his quest is immaterial.

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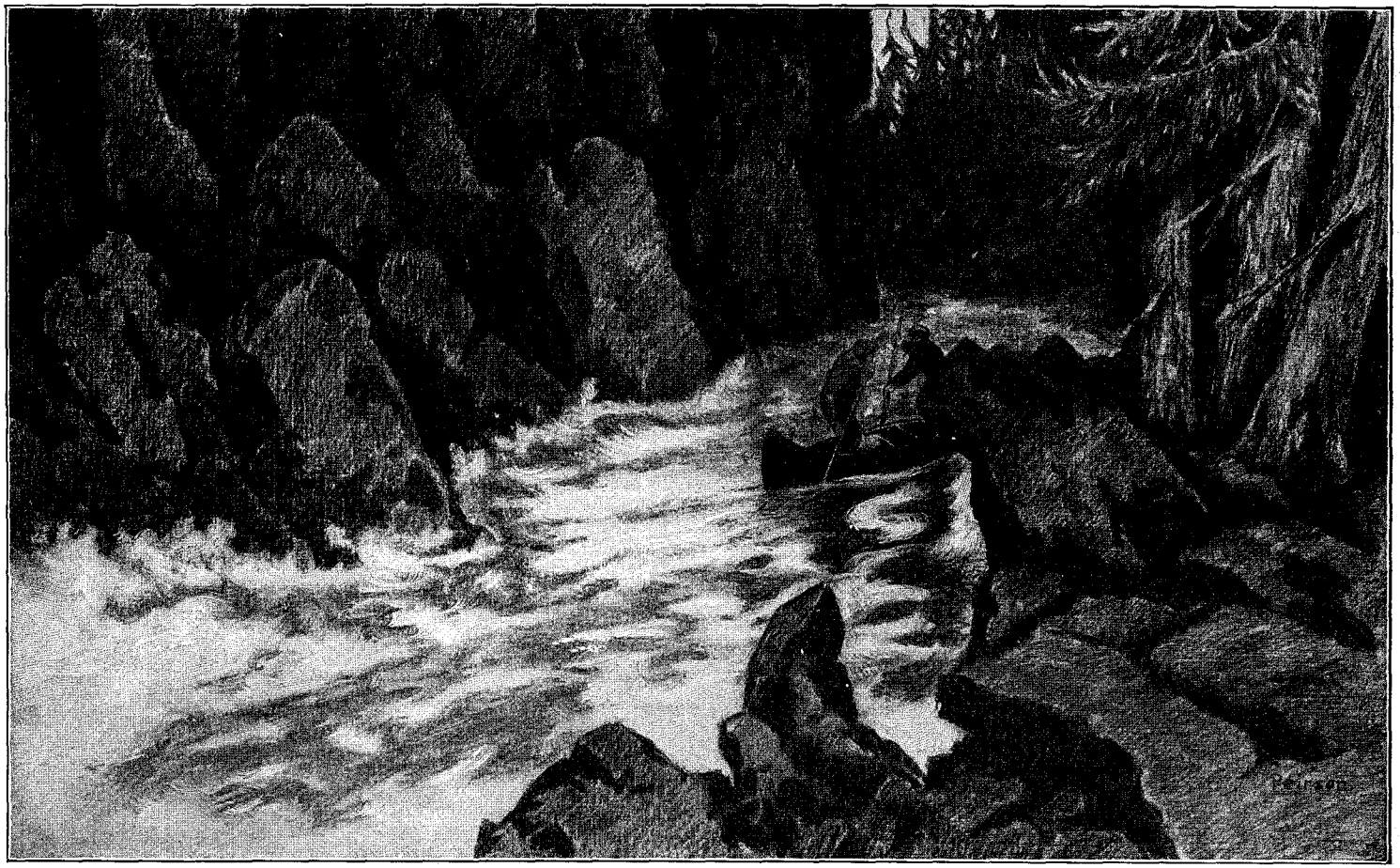

"POLING OUR WAY UP A GORGE THROUGH WHICH FILTERED A THIN STREAM OF WATER"

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His primary purpose is accomplished if he boards the homeward-bound train with the satisfactory consciousness that he has wrested from nature a secret which she has concealed from the rest of the world.

I used to know a man, for instance, who lived on a rocky island, and who maintained that an afternoon could be devoted to nothing better than hunting for caves. Once he took me with him to a cleft in the rocks high up on a steep hillside. Two boulders at the opening were so placed as to make the entry into the mysterious interior the privilege of the young and the thin, but once past this barricade, one found himself in a large, echoing vault which would have delighted the soul of a robber chief or an Indian fighter. In it we picked strange ferns, of a species unknown to the science of the surrounding country. For countless years, generations of this little family had perpetuated themselves in a patch of soft, damp moss, protected by their very loneliness from the destruction which had overwhelmed their kindred in the sunny world. Except under very favorable conditions, however, time spent in hunting for caves is not profitably invested. Caves belong to the same class of natural phenomena with bee trees, or holly trees with red berries, or even waterfalls. They are the accidents in nature. Though a man's eye is keen to catch nature's clues and his ear tuned to hear the whispered directions of the forest, his training is of little value in seeking them. Chance, not skill, brings him to them, and he must regard finding them as a pleasant adventure on the way rather than the object of his tramp.

The source of a stream, on the other hand, is a woodland secret which well repays the holiday devoted to its discovery. Every stream must have a source. This obvious fact gives a definite aim to the wanderer, but the uncertainty, even the mystery, is often sustained, as in a detective story, almost to the end. It may be impossible to guess whether a brook steals out of some tiny alder-hidden morass, or leaps from the side of a mountain pond, or whether it simply begins to be without visible parentage or ancestry. A brook, moreover, is apt to run through a gorge, or at least a gully, and, as one balances himself on a log across a trout pool, or splashes from one sand-bar to another, he can see but a short way ahead. At such times he should concentrate his imagination upon the temporary belief that far and wide the landscape is but a thicket or a gorge, and forget that on one side his wilderness stretches only to a neighboring apple orchard and that on the other side is a highroad. Yet the very fact that a brook must start somewhere restricts the mystery which lies about its source. Sooner or later one is sure to find it, and though he may have surprises on the road, his instinct of the chase is unsatisfied by a goal he knew from the beginning was attainable.

A brook invites one to learn its secrets; it lures one from one pool to another, rewarding him with glimpses of waterfalls or nodding sedges just beyond. A mountain, on the other hand, guards its treasures jealously. Force and strategy are needed if one is to become its master. The ascent of a precipitous hillside has all the charm of following a meandering brook, all the fascination of coming upon a cave, and at the same time is infinitely richer in excitement and uncertainty. A man may choose his way ever so carefully and be blocked when he can almost touch the summit. The marvels of nature are on every hand. Trees grow out of impossible crevices and thrust apart great blocks of cliff. Flowers blossom peacefully where it seems as if the storms of heaven must uproot them. A face of rock demands judgment and daring, a steady hand, a firm grasp, and a knowledge of what constitutes a fair risk as compared with what is foolhardy. As one sits on a ledge and watches a hawk soaring over the pine tops below, his only grievance in life is that he was not born a cliff-dweller. As he approaches a chasm and holds himself poised before it, he murmurs hesitatingly, "Shall I do it, or sha'n't I? How ignominious to have my obituary notice headed, 'Killed in a crack.'" Or, as he glances down, his eye discovers a jagged landing-place twenty feet below, and he is conscious

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that every muscle in his body is gripping at the rock wall against which he leans—at such moments he begins to wish that, like King Ben-hadad, his gods were not the gods of the hills but of the valleys. Best of all, however, if a mountain defeats you once, it offers you a fair challenge to attack it again. By shoving and kicking, by hand-holds and foot-holds, by sound discretion and practice, you discover a path by which you can squirm to the summit, and then the glory of living shines in your eyes as you gaze triumphantly at the sunny plains below.

The return from such an expedition should be made by twilight, and, if possible, by autumn twilight. There is something in the crackle of dry branches, in the rustling of dead leaves not yet packed, in the ruddy glow of an October sunset shining across a mountain marsh, or in the scent of approaching frost, which sends the blood of a discoverer singing through his veins. As the dusk gathers on such a night, fallen trees become but so many hurdles, swamps provide a game of "poison" to be won by daring leaps from one tussock to another. Even catbriers lose their terrors. You leap the bars at the end of the pasture in your stride, but open the door with an assumed languor, for you appreciate that only the initiated can sympathize with your unreasonable self-satisfaction. To those who have lost the instinct of exploration your elation will seem as foolish and your discovery as commonplace as the joy of Stevenson's little lantern-bearers, with the fragrant mystery under their coats, would seem to the prosaic world.

These, however, are but half-holiday excursions—oases in the desert of business routine. Once in a while come opportunities to lock the office desk for a month and invade the sanctuaries of the wilderness. Privileges such as these bring responsibilities in their train. A month's trip means serious deliberation, long evenings at the club, where many cigars must be smoked, and where the twisting lines which mark rivers and mountains must be pondered over and traced. If by chance your eye rests on a river marked by dotted lines, there meets you a mighty test of composure and restraint. A dotted line indicates that the cartographer has not followed the river. Perhaps he had no more than the unreliable information that such a river exists. Think of it! A river which may be wandering peacefully through broad valleys, may be tumbling headlong down precipices, or may be opening into lakes or rushing through spruce-clad gorges—and no one has recorded all this! Does it not call for self-restraint to check one's imagination from rioting madly in the dreamland of such a possibility until it is awakened to the prosaic problem of storing ninety pounds of necessaries in a seventy-pound pack?

It was in following the course of just such a dotted river that we first came to know "our mountains." For forty miles we had been gazing at them, dark against the horizon. In the morning they were dim with haze and difficult to distinguish from the clouds which caught the sunlight behind; in the evening they were clear-cut against the western sky. For several days we lost them altogether in an easterly mist. We wondered as we pushed our way through the fog how much larger they would be when a clearing northwest wind next revealed them. For two days, while poling our way up a gorge through which filtered a thin stream of water, we lost them again. In fact, we lost sight of all the world except the straight cliffs on our left, the spruce-covered hillsides on our right, and the now narrowing, now widening strip of sky between. Even this we saw but intermittently, with the sensation that we were yielding to temptation, as a lawyer at his office desk, working upon a brief which must be finished before night, guiltily glances from time to time at a procession passing along the street below. During the rest of the day we saw only the water ten feet ahead of the canoe and the boulders with which the river was strewn. For hours together it was simply a matter of surveying hurriedly the channel, of hanging for a moment in comparatively quiet water, of swinging the canoe into the current, of shoving, heaving, driving slowly and patiently up stream. The paddle lay in the bottom of the boat, and for mile after mile the steady beat of our poles caught little

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"THE ROCK WALLS SUDDENLY OPENED AND A LAKE LAY BEFORE US"

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echoes along the mountain side. This click of the iron-shod pole against submerged rocks is somehow a stimulating sound. It means, of course, aching shoulders and blistered hands, but it means the united power not only of arms but of back, legs, and thighs as by main force the boat is lifted up, through, and over the dark water. It means the exhilaration which comes from the triumph of brute force. The sensation of the man at the pole as he feels his canoe's bow rise a bit in the air and slide into quiet water is like the thrill of the wrestler as he feels the back muscles of his antagonist weaken under the power of his hold. The click of the driving-pole brings one at last to that sweet content when, after a supper of pancake and venison, he stretches out on his blanket and dreamily watches the moon above the opposite ridge and the black water sliding and gurgling by.

On the third morning, as we worked our way round the corner of a steep hillside, the rock walls suddenly opened and a lake lay before us. At its farther end, flanked by splendid precipices, were the mountains—"our mountains," they had grown to be. The blue haze was gone; gray and gloomy they rose into the mist, as the clouds which swept across their summits first revealed and then concealed gaunt, glistening ridges. At the head of the lake we pulled into a clump of stunted birches and made camp. That evening, as we smoked before the fire, our nightly discussion of immediate problems—of carries and tump-lines, of paddles and rapids—yielded to far-away reminiscences of Alpine ropes and *arrêtes*, of ice-axes and *séracs*.

Shortly before noon the next day, after clambering up the bed of a brook, crawling under dwarf spruces, and clawing through dense brush, we emerged on to the bare rocks of the ridge. Excited by the fancy that the top was just ahead, we quickened our pace, the crisp, clinging lichens crackling under our feet. Suddenly, as we turned a corner, we faced a great rock peak. It appeared so unexpectedly that for a moment we found difficulty in believing that it had been there, out of sight, all the time, and had not risen before us like the magic walls in the Eastern tale. Climbing, and not mere clambering, was before us. As we studied the ledges for an available route, and step by step promising clefts and footholds showed themselves, we uncoiled the canoe tracking line, and our hearts began jumping in those queer little bumps that the assault of a cliff always causes. The oarsman has something of the same feeling as he braces himself at the "Ready;" the hunter knows what it is like when he hears a certain rustle in the bushes; but the true experience of it comes only when a man feels the rope at his waist tighten as he reaches up for his hand-hold.

A final scramble and we stood upon the summit. At last it lay before us—the unknown world: green, spruce-covered valleys; gray marshy barrens; here, there, everywhere, ponds; in the dim distance the mountains of the coast. For the first moment the splendor of the panorama filled our senses. We looked and looked, as a thirsty man drinks when he comes to running water. It was not till our eyes were satisfied that our imaginations could assert themselves. No white man had ever stood upon those ledges; no one, except perhaps a wandering trapper, had penetrated these valleys. We were at the portals of the unknown. The secrets of the wilderness lay revealed before us.

Then followed the sense of insignificance. We had planned to name our peak and build a cairn about it, in order that the future should know who were its conquerors. We had even discussed the relative fitness of various names for a map. But as we stood looking into the mysterious valley beyond, the sense of infinite presence appalled and overcame us. How shallow had been this ambition to name a peak! What a petty affront it was to the silent dignity of the mountain which in nameless grandeur had stood for unnumbered ages the gray guardian of these western wilds! Should it be labeled as though it were some newly discovered dandelion? How sacrilegious was this impulse to build a monument to ourselves, when the mountain itself was a vast monument of the

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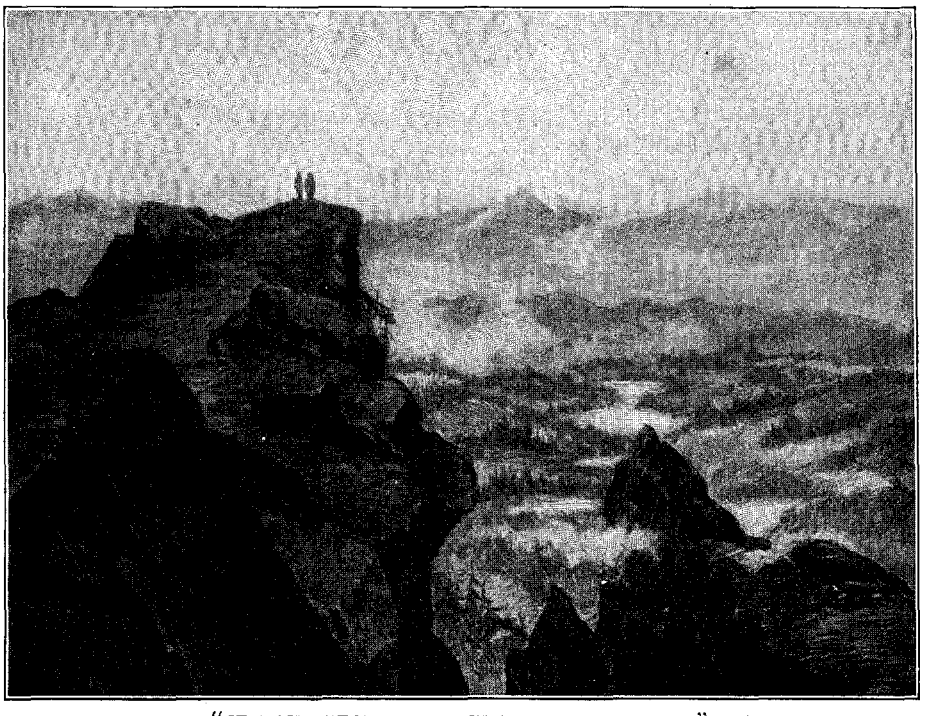
eternal! We looked at the weather-beaten peak, then at some rocks by the foot of a crumbling ledge, and then at each other.

"Well, we have been talking for four hours of the proud moment when we should dedicate a pile of stones to ourselves," said my companion. "Now that we are here we might as well get to work." He kicked at a piece of granite indifferently, as though he would have preferred to watch me glorify myself while he pondered on the petty vanities of man. "Six rocks are as good as twenty," I answered, and without enthusiasm tilted a boulder on its side. We put together our little cairn perfunctorily, as boys play a game in which they have lost interest, and were relieved when the building material gave out. Then, lighting our pipes, we began to slip, slide, and plunge to the spruce trees below. It was sunset when we broke our way through the alder bushes and reached the shore of the lake. Acres of pipe-reeds were nodding in a brilliant orange glow; the pond itself was first a trembling scarlet and then a deep pink which deepened and deepened until it was one with the misty purple of the hills. The blending colors slowly softened, fading in the foreground, growing richer in the distance, until, just as the picture was perfect, a flaw of wind rippled a broad stretch of water, and it was as though the artist had suddenly grown dissatisfied and had swept across his canvas an effacing brush. The play was over, and in the gloaming we made our way to camp.



"IT LAY BEFORE US—THE UNKNOWN WORLD"

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Emma Eames

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AN AFTERNOON WITH CHIEF CROKER

BY EMMA EAMES

On the first of May last Madame Emma Eames was one of those who offered their services at a benefit performance at the Metropolitan Opera-House in behalf of the New York Firemen's Fund, the income of which is devoted to the families of the firemen whose lives have been lost in the service of the city. One result of this benefit was that Madame Eames, at her own request, spent an afternoon with the Chief of the New York Fire Department, Mr. Edward F. Croker, in an inspection of several of the fire houses and a study of the conditions under which the firemen live and do their splendid work. The Outlook counts itself fortunate in having persuaded Madame Eames to tell the story of this afternoon with Chief Croker. The fact that Madame Eames is one of the greatest of living dramatic singers, her charming personality which has won such universal admiration among lovers of the opera, the intimate quality of her observations, and her personal experience of the San Francisco fire, all combine to make this recital of unusual interest.—THE EDITORS.

WHEN Chief Croker asked to be presented to me at the Metropolitan, in talking about my having sung for the firemen and their appreciation of it, he said to me, "I wish there were something we could do to show you how much we appreciate what you have done for us." I said to him, "There is one thing: I should very much like to see the working of the New York Fire Department." He seemed to be very much astonished that I expressed such a childish wish as to see the working of the Fire Department. However, he said he would make an appointment, and asked me to set a day. Of course, as the opera season was over, I had absolutely nothing to do, and said that it was for him to say. We finally agreed on Monday afternoon, May 4. He and Mr. Allen, who had been in charge of the arrangements for the benefit for the Firemen's Fund, agreed to call for me and my friend, Miss Fetridge, at two o'clock in the afternoon on Monday, which they did in his splendid big red automobile.

We went first to the house of Engine Company 65, on West Forty-third Street. Immediately on entering, the first thing we saw was the great fire-engine; directly behind it the hook and ladder; and across the back of the same room were the horses, facing us, merely held in their places by chains across the front of their boxes—their alert faces looking at us quite ready. Naturally, we were put out of the way so that the alarm could be given, and at this first signal it took exactly four seconds for the chains in front of the horses' boxes to be dropped and for them to be harnessed to the engine. It was extraordinary with what simplicity it was done and how quickly it was done, and that the one voice that one never seemed to hear in command at all was that of Mr. Croker! Mr. Croker is the least self-assertive personality I have ever seen, and the most pervasive. One button dropped the chains in front of the horses' boxes, let loose the harness that was suspended from the ceiling in front of the fire-engine, and loosed the engine itself from the pipes which were connected with the steam power plant in the cellar. Before one could think, this room, which had been empty save for our party and the fire captain—who was at the head of the engine-house—seemed to be filled with men, who had slid down on the brass poles that came from two stories above. Six men were immediately at the horses' heads, and in three movements the horses were fastened into

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the harness, which had dropped down, and within five or six seconds of the time of the alarm they had already started out of the engine-house!

This drill they went through in this engine-house once for me. But I asked also to go upstairs and see the men's sleeping quarters, where one of the most interesting things to see was the way the beds were prepared at night. By each bed was a pair of rubber boots with overalls slipped down over them in such a way that the man had only one movement to make—to hop out of bed into the boots, pull the trousers on, and slide down the pole. What impressed me most in this drill was the extraordinary organization and the force of it—the prevision for everything—and, in addition to that, the absolute cleanliness. Here was a place with I don't know how many men—it seemed to me the place was *filled* with men (I suppose in each fire-engine house or hook and ladder company there is a different number of men, some more, some less)—in this place, filled with men, and with anywhere from eight to twelve horses, there was no more odor than in a lady's parlor! There was not a superfluous thing in the place, and yet those men had everything they needed. I interrupted a game of billiards which they were playing while they were waiting. In the midst of the game those men had dropped everything and were ready to go out in five seconds!

What is extraordinary to me about the engines is how they can get up steam so quickly. The steam is turned on to a certain pressure by the steam plant in the cellar. The spark that lights the fire underneath the boiler is ignited automatically by the same electric button that lets the horses free.

Chief Croker tells me there are some horses you cannot teach—they cannot learn. After a few rehearsals they are sent away. Others are told once, and they know! Is it not extraordinary? All the horses seemed to know the Chief. He is a man who draws things to himself. He didn't make an effort to caress them, he didn't show them any recognition, and yet all of them seemed to be reaching after him and nuzzling him, trying to rub their faces against him. He was immaculate when he went in, but after he had been in there three or four minutes, with the horses rubbing against him, his coat showed the effect of it. This man has power, not only over the men, who seem to hold him in the greatest veneration and regard—which is very different from fear—but also over the horses; every horse knew him and was glad to see him. He is a man who will take infinite pains and is always ready. He told me that often in the hot nights of summer he went down to one of the fire-boat stations and stayed an hour or two, coming back refreshed. So that even in his recreation he stays near an alarm. He said that, entirely aside from the fact of his being the head of the Department, he seems to be a mascot. As soon as he leaves town for an hour something terrible happens. I think there are people who are mascots like that.

Then we went on from that place to Engine Company 23, at 215 West Fifty-eighth Street. In this second house the horses, instead of being placed in a row at the back of the engine, were placed on the side, one behind the other. Chief Croker told me that though this way is sometimes very convenient, it hardly saves any time, and the horses are not as happy. They are more contented side by side. It was wonderful to see the horses, after they had been out, always run to their right places, facing out, so as to be ready for the next call. So intelligent! So excited! They rush out with such quickness that their hoofs strike out burning sparks, and by the smell of burning hoofs one would imagine one's self in a blacksmith shop.

In this second house that we visited they made two alarms, the first to show how quickly it could be done. The second one I really thought was a genuine alarm. There was terrible excitement for an instant, then the horses made a dash out of the house and up the street. But it proved to be only an exhibition alarm, after all. When you think that that engine weighs tons! The house is built high enough above the level of the street so that the horses can get an impetus to start. Everything is so facilitated.

After that we went up to the Hook

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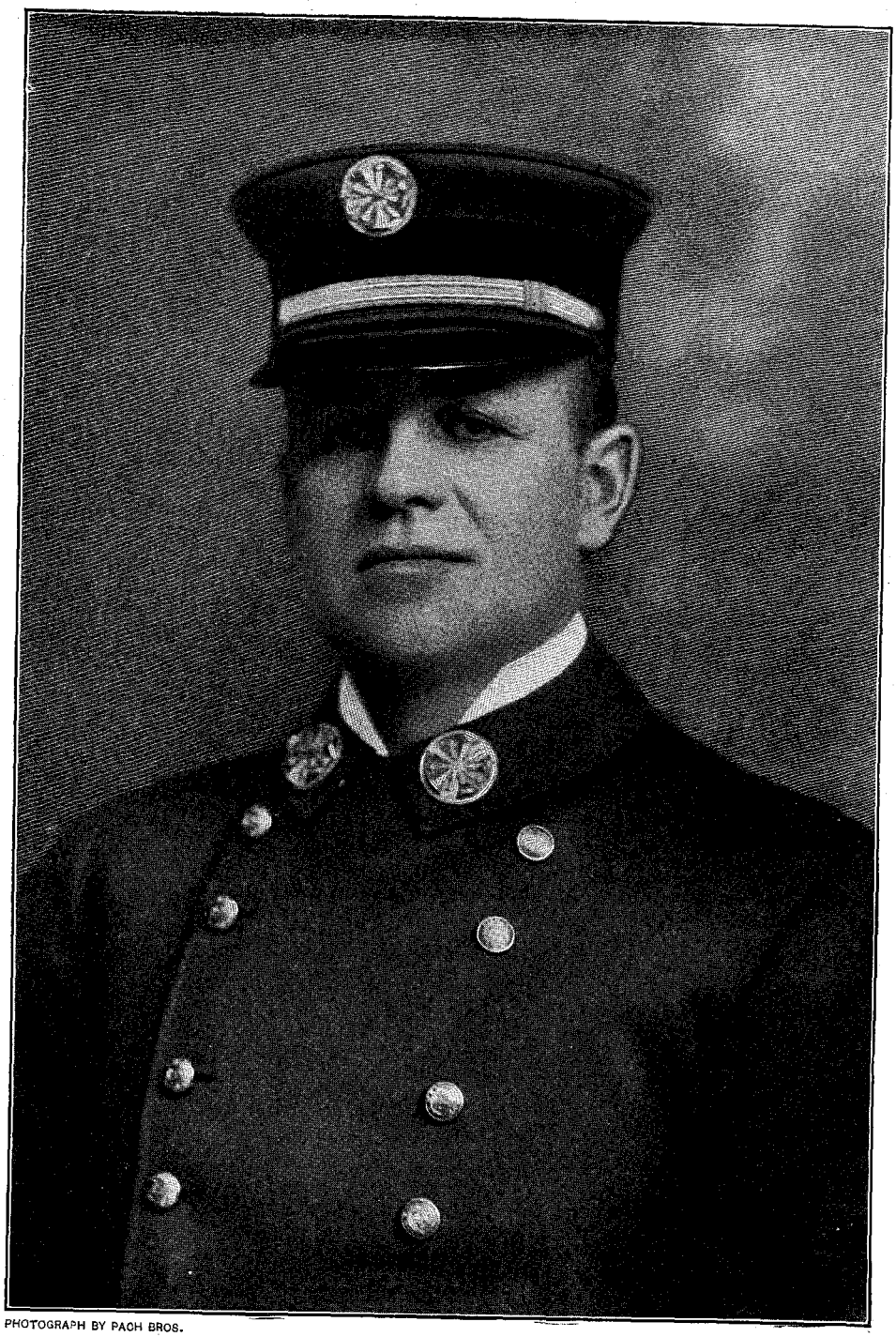

PHOTOGRAPH BY PACH BROS.

Edw. F. Croker.

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and Ladder Company in West Thirty-third Street, where they showed me the safety nets. There is a great circle of sail-cloth, with smaller leather circles sewed on to it in the center, and this is hanging on a circular wooden rod like the tire of a wheel. This sail-cloth circle is hung into this framework of wood by spiral springs all the way round—fastened to it by springs—so that a man jumping into the middle of it relieves the shock both for himself and those holding it. It looked small to me, and as though one must be pretty skillful to leap from an eighth-story window into so slight a circumference. I asked about this, and was told, "We do the catching—all they have to do is to jump."

We went to the Sixty-third Street Hook and Ladder Company next. There again was demonstrated the swiftness with which the men work. They went to the end of the block with this enormous hook and ladder, and we followed them. The ladder was a sort of telescope; one part shot up beyond another to the height of over eighty feet. The sections are worked by compressed springs which shoot up in such a way that they go up more easily than they come down. The scaling ladder is one shaft of wood, with rungs across, and a big hook on top big enough to go over the window-sill of a building, with teeth on it to catch. The man who scales these ladders wears a heavy leather belt with an enormous hook on it, so that at any point he can hook himself on and leave both hands free. At this place they showed me a heavy steel gun with which they shoot a line up to any one who is beyond the reach of scaling ladders or the ordinary implements of life-saving. It was all of steel and very heavy. The line can be shot to the top of the highest building that is now made. I said to the man, "A good kick that gun must have!" Very quietly he said, "Yes, the last man who shot it had his shoulder broken," as though it were the most natural thing in the world. These are men whose *business* it is to do the brave things that we signalize in others as something out of the ordinary. To be able to attain the results of speed they get they have to be a race of men both slender and as supple as cats. They cannot drink; they must have themselves under control, and be alive and alert. Just as the horses have to be chosen for their quickness, so the men in this department are as alert as those of any military corps. A cleaner-looking lot of well-groomed men I have never seen; for I suppose it is with them as it is with the engines, that after they have returned from a fire a complete toilet is made. In the case of the engines, no matter how late at night it is that they come back from a fire, every detail of that engine is gone over, cleaned, and put in perfect order, and even the men's helmets are ready, and their coats are folded up and placed on the engine itself, in the way that they can be most quickly donned.

The greatest test of order and cleanliness is, to me, through the nose; and that this place, filled with men, and above all with perhaps twelve horses standing there, should be so absolutely free from any odor is most remarkable. Never was a hospital ward cleaner than these places!

And I must tell you of our visit to the fire-boat. It was the George B. McClellan. It is not one of the newest. It has bunks and rooms on board for the men who run it. But they told me that in the newest models they find that quite unnecessary, and they have no living-rooms, and nothing except what is necessary to run the boat, as the boats are always moored beside a dock, and the men have their quarters on the dock. We went into the pilot-house, to protect ourselves from a wetting as the principal main in the prow was experimented with. It shoots a stream two hundred feet high like a marvelous fountain. Such an enormous volume of water, and how strongly it comes! I said, "It's enough to stun any one!" and Chief Croker replied that a person hit by it might even be killed. All round in front of the pilot-house on the decks are the various mains they have devised for fires of different degrees of importance. They can be run simultaneously or alone. There is also a room filled with nozzles of various shapes and sizes, made to reach a fire in any portion of a dock or a ship, and

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immense coils of hose in the stern, for any emergency. Mr. Croker is now inventing a float to go under the docks, for in a high tide they cannot get under the dock. Some time ago such a fire took place, and they were unable to put it out on account of the high tide. He at once proceeded to experiment with this new idea of a float which goes by the force of the water that is ejected from it. He has not perfected it yet. I suggested, "Why don't you have something on the nozzles that can be turned by the force of the water?" He said, "Yes, a revolving nozzle." His whole heart and soul are in his work. He is a one-idea man; a man who works for results, and who thinks of nothing else. No detail is too small for him to master, if, by the study of it, it can lead to the saving of one cent's worth of property or one human life.

He called our attention to the salt-water hydrants. These have been placed all the way from Twenty-third Street to Chambers Street. I made the observation that in these so-called fireproof buildings it seemed to me that when the fire got under way in any two stories the rest would go like a fire in an oven, the fire kept in by the very means that were intended to keep it out. He said this was so, but that these salt-water hydrants are connected with every floor of the building, and when a fire takes place the firemen go to the building and open the mains on the different floors. There are two power-houses, one on the East Side and one on the West Side. They can pump this water up to the top of the very highest building. Without these hydrants the Fire Department would be powerless to put out a fire in such a building. I asked the Chief whether two power-houses are enough. He answered, "We shall see." He is never cocksure about anything. The people who are cocksure are invariably the people who are caught. We cannot be cocksure about anything. It is the same when I am asked if I am in voice. I say, "I will tell you at twelve o'clock—or you can tell me." Every one's life is filled with accidents.

I tremble to think, in a big city like this, with the terrible risks that we run with these sky-scrapers, what would happen if the Fire Department were to get into political hands. I am *sure* there can be no politics in it now. I do read people at first sight. There are certain qualities in people's minds which I can read. I shudder to think what would become of New York if this same Fire Department were dominated by a personality whose motives were less single and pure than those of Chief Croker. During that entire afternoon I never heard him take to himself credit for anything. Concerning the things that seemed to me the most important, and about which I questioned him, I generally got the answer that it was invented "many years ago." I heard very little of the pronoun I. I admired also his patience, explaining to a woman things with which he was so familiar. The patience with which he showed me every little detail! But I was tremendously interested!

When I came back to my apartment, I realized that New York could sleep in safety with such an organization as that looking after its well-being. As I said to him at the end of the afternoon—which elicited a sympathetic smile—"After all, eternal vigilance is the price of everything that is worth having and keeping. If New York is standing one stone upon another, it is because of the vigilance, the promptness, and the wonderful organization of the New York Fire Department."

I watched the burning of San Francisco, whose Fire Chief was killed the first day, and I believe that had any one like Chief Croker been at the head of the Fire Department—in spite of the fact that all the mains were broken—the city might have been saved from utter ruin. It was a creeping fire, and not a rushing fire. We walked about six miles to get away, and the stones where the fire had been burned our feet.

The firemen's business is heroism. What in other people is looked on as great bravery they do as a matter of course, though they know that at any moment they are going to risk their lives. They are tense from morning to night; they never "let go" for one second. There has to be unceasing vigilance on the part of all.

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J. C. Fremont.

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THE ROMANCE OF AMERICAN EXPANSION

BY H. ADDINGTON BRUCE

SIXTH PAPER

J. C. FREMONT AND THE CONQUEST OF CALIFORNIA

THE Mexican War, by which the United States gained her second Pacific coast acquisition and rounded out her contiguous possessions on the North American continent, has long been a subject of warm debate. The prevailing view is that it was a war of shameless aggression and spoliation, forced on Mexico in the interests of the slaveholders of the Southern States. Against this, and not wholly without reason, it is urged that the war was the outcome not of a sectional but of a national desire, and extenuating circumstances are found in the manifest eagerness of the Mexican people to engage in hostilities, the persistent refusal of the Mexican Government to pay damage claims duly awarded to the United States by international arbitration, and the summary treatment accorded the commissioner sent by President Polk to negotiate a peaceful settlement of these claims and of the difficulties growing out of the annexation of Texas. Both views agree, however, in affirming that the prime object of the war was to compel a boundary readjustment which should give the United States possession of the whole of Texas, as anciently delimited, and of the fertile region of California, with its smiling plains and valleys, its lofty mountains, and its splendid frontage on the Pacific.

Possession of California had, indeed, been desired by the United States years before resort was had to war as a means of obtaining it. Attention was first directed to it by the efforts of Benton and Floyd and their coadjutors to make sure of Oregon, and shortly afterwards interest was increased by the reports of traders and trappers, who brought home impressive accounts of California's beauty and riches. Beginning with 1822, when a maritime trade was opened between Boston and Monterey, a steady, if long insignificant, stream of immigration from the United States trickled into the country. The passage of the Act of 1830, by which Mexico, for the special purpose of checking American immigration into Texas, forbade further foreign colonization of her border provinces, had no effect in retarding the inflow into California. The local authorities, always jealous of the central government and enjoying exceptional freedom of action by reason of their remoteness from the capital, welcomed immigrants as cordially as before and bestowed on them generous privileges and extensive land grants.

Thus, had it not been that, as in the case of Oregon, the American people felt no immediate need of crossing the Rocky Mountains, there would have set in a movement which, given the continuance of a weak and divided native population, would probably have resulted in the speedy Americanization of California and its absorption into the United States in much the same way as Texas. As it was, immigration lagged to such an extent that in 1836, or about the time President Jackson made an effort to

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acquire by purchase at least a part of California, the American population aggregated rather less than three hundred; and ten years later, at the beginning of the conquest, it was still scarcely four hundred out of a total population of between eight and nine thousand. Of the Americans, the majority were located in Monterey, then the great center of trade, and on ranches in the Sacramento Valley, particularly in the neighborhood of New Helvetia, or Sutter's Fort, as it was known from the name of its owner, John A. Sutter, the wealthiest ranchero in the valley and an American by adoption although a Swiss by birth. On the whole, the relations between the foreigners and the natives remained friendly, despite some occasional friction. The Californians themselves, it should be noted, were frequently on the verge of civil war, owing to the constant intrigues of their military commander, General José Castro, to undermine the authority of the civil governor, Pio Pico.

Such was the situation when President Polk made up his mind that the acquisition of California was not merely desirable but absolutely necessary to the United States. In reaching this decision he was no doubt influenced to a considerable extent by the wishes of his fellow-Southerners, who had been disappointed by the admission of Texas as a single State instead of several States, and felt that, if the system they upheld was to endure, a way must be found to obtain additional territory open to slavery. But there also is reason to believe that Polk looked at the subject from a National as well as a sectional point of view, and was sincerely persuaded that unless the United States took possession of California it would, in its weak and defenseless condition, inevitably pass from the ownership of Mexico to that of some foreign power. It will be remembered that one of the most potent factors in bringing about the annexation of Texas was the fear of the baneful influence that might be exercised by Great Britain or France if Texas remained an independent republic, rumor crediting the Governments of those countries with sinister designs against the welfare of the United States. Similarly, it was reported that both Great Britain and France were only awaiting a favorable opportunity to wrest California from Mexico; and such was the excitement created by this report that in 1842, during Tyler's administration, under the belief that war had then broken out between Mexico and the United States, and anxious to forestall action by any other power, Commodore Thomas Ap Catesby Jones, of the American navy, sailed to Monterey with a squadron, seized the port, and raised the American flag; which was, however, lowered on the discovery that peace still prevailed.

Just what foundation there was for the dread of foreign intervention in California cannot be stated until more thorough research shall be made among the archives of the countries chiefly concerned. Certainly the activity of foreign diplomats and the maneuvers of foreign fleets tended to give color to the apprehensions entertained by Polk and by Americans of all sections. Bearing this in mind, and remembering likewise the expansionistic tendencies of the time and the anxiety of the leaders of the slaveholding States to strengthen their position against the increasing power of the non-slaveholding North, it is easy to understand the resolution taken by the President and his advisers to insist on the cession of California as part of the price to be paid by Mexico if she would avoid a war.

To this end, and in the hope that Mexico might yield peaceably what otherwise was to be taken from her by force, Polk despatched John Slidell, of New Orleans, to the Mexican capital, several months after Mexico had severed diplomatic relations with the United States in consequence of the annexation of Texas. Slidell went as a minister plenipotentiary, empowered to negotiate concerning all difficulties between the two Governments, and instructed to exert his best endeavors in conciliating the Mexicans. His instructions further directed him, however, to press for a settlement on a territorial basis, securing a new boundary line between Mexico and the United States, which should give the latter New Mexico and California in

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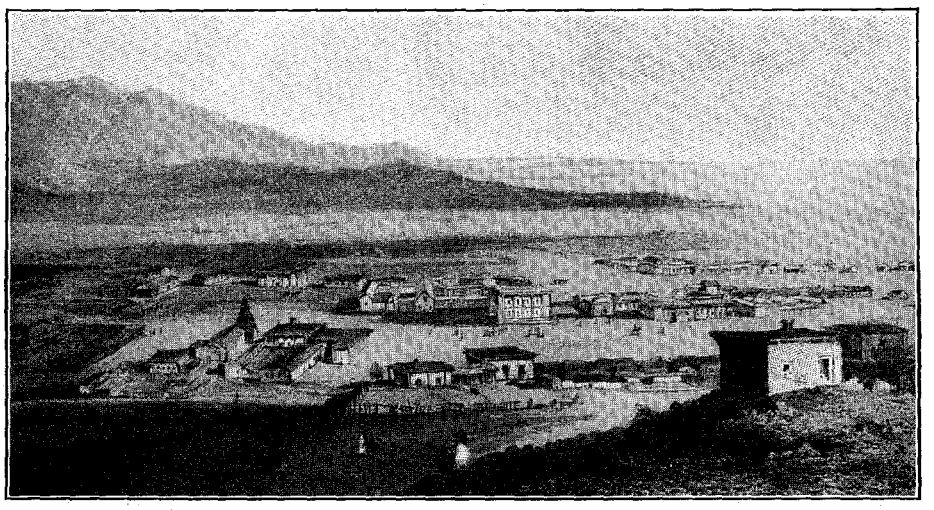
addition to Texas. For New Mexico Slidell was authorized to offer five million dollars and the assumption by the United States Government of the unpaid damage claims; for California he was authorized to offer far more—twenty-five million dollars if the line should be drawn so as to give the United States all of the province north of and including Monterey, and twenty million dollars should it include only San Francisco and the country north of San Francisco.

What answer the Mexican Government would have returned to these demands is impossible to say. For, emboldened by the popular clamor for war, it peremptorily refused to receive Slidell. Nor did he profit by lingering until, with almost incredible fatuity, the Mexicans so far forgot their common danger as to indulge in a revolution and establish a new government. Like its predecessor, it would have nothing to do with Slidell. His departure, in March, 1846, marked the end of negotiations. In April Mexican troops were deliberately provoked into striking the first blow, and in May war was formally declared by the United States Congress. Before the end of summer General Stephen W. Kearny had made himself master of New Mexico and was hurriedly marching to conquer California. But long ere Kearny's arrival that province had been practically won for the United States, by means so audacious and so romantic as to fasten the attention of the entire Nation on the leading actor in the conquest, John Charles Fremont, a man previously unheard of as a soldier but well known as a daring and successful explorer.

Even before his California exploits Fremont's career had, in fact, been meteoric and spectacular. It was, too, essentially of his own making. Born at Savannah in 1813, the son of a French refugee who had married into one of the best families of Virginia, he started in life as a schoolmaster. But soon, as the result perhaps of tendencies inherited from his father, who was of a venturesome and roving disposition, he abandoned teaching in favor of surveying. Such was the ability he showed that, when barely turned twenty, he was employed by the National Government to make a railway survey among the mountains of the Carolinas and Tennessee. This work completed, he was immediately appointed to assist the French explorer Nicollet, who had planned an expedition to the headwaters of the Mississippi in the interests of geographical science, and about the same time, on the recommendation of Joel R. Poinsett, then Secretary of War, President Van Buren commissioned him to a lieutenancy in the corps of topographical engineers.



LOS ANGELES SOON AFTER ITS FOUNDING

From an old print

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The Nicollet expedition kept Fremont busily engaged through the years 1838 and 1839. In the following year he made the acquaintance of Thomas H. Benton, who, attracted by his pleasing personality and by his evident enthusiasm over the prospects of the new West, formed a strong liking for the young man. A frequent visitor to Benton's house, he there met and became deeply enamored of Benton's daughter Jessie, still in her teens, beautiful, imaginative, proud, and ambitious. She, for her part, found in Fremont the ideal of her dreams. Parental opposition, on the score of the young officer's poverty and scant prospect of advancement, only strengthened their love, and after a stormy courtship they were married in 1841. For a time Benton raged. Then he surrendered at discretion. And presently Fremont was in the wilderness once more, engaged in the important task of fixing a direct route for emigration to Oregon. It was a project dear to Benton's heart, and a splendid opportunity for Benton's son-in-law. So well did he utilize it that, after a summer of hardships and achievements, the most noteworthy of which was the hazardous planting of the Stars and Stripes on a sky-challenging Rocky Mountain summit, he was hailed as among the greatest of modern explorers.

This was in 1842. The next year he was again at the head of an exploring expedition, under orders to cross the Rockies and penetrate through Oregon to the shores of the Pacific. Outward bound all went well, but on his way home, deceived by erroneous reports as to the feasibility of the route he had selected, he and his exhausted followers were driven far to the south by snow and storm and impassable mountains. Unable to secure a guide, they wandered for months over the heights and through the depths of the Sierra Nevada, finally reaching the Sacramento Valley after terrific sufferings and when hope was all but gone. Here they were hospitably received by the generous Sutter, and here Fremont obtained his first glimpse of the glories of California. Now, doubtless, if not before, he began to dream of finding a route by which to connect this western paradise with the far-away frontier settlements of his own country; and such was actually one of the principal objects of his next expedition, begun in the autumn of 1845, but cut short by the stirring events of the conquest.

As has been said, the relations between the Californians and the American settlers in California were at that time friendly. But there was, nevertheless, a well-grounded fear among the authorities that, in the event of war between the United States and Mexico, California would be the first point of attack, and consequently, so far as their resources and mutual jealousies would permit, they were on the alert to guard against a surprise. The unexpected appearance of Fremont and his men at Sutter's Fort, after their harrowing experiences in the Sierras, had created no small astonishment and some alarm; and when it was rumored that he was back in California with a still larger following, there was much speculation as to the purpose of his coming. Fremont himself, though with only a small escort, hastened to Monterey to explain to General Castro that his expedition was purely scientific in character, and to request permission to enter and explore in California; after which he brought the remainder of his party, numbering in all sixty-two backwoodsmen, plainsmen, voyageurs, and Indians, across the mountains and down to the sea, where he went into camp near Monterey. It soon became evident that he had no immediate intention of renewing his journey, and Castro, in a panic, despatched an officer to inform him that, in compliance with the Mexican law against the admission of foreigners, he must withdraw from the province.

It was now that Fremont gave a signal display of the combined daring and rashness that was to carry him triumphantly through California before the year was out. Instead of obeying Castro's order, or at most remonstrating in diplomatic language, he returned a defiant reply and proceeded to erect fortifications on the summit of Gavilan Peak, on which he also raised the American flag. All Monterey and the country round about were at once thrown into the wildest excitement. Blustering vehemently, and

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calling upon the citizens to unite with him in defense of their country, Castro quickly organized an army to expel the bold intruders. But beyond marching and countermarching in full view of the garrison on Gavilan Peak he dared not go. To storm the rude fort meant the ascent of a precipitous height guarded by sixty-two well-armed sharpshooters, and Castro, unused to warfare save by proclamation, had no fancy to make the attempt. Fortunately for the valiant Californian, Fremont in a few days realized the utter illegality of his position, and, evacuating his defenses, beat a leisurely retreat, with the intention of resuming his Oregon explorations. But, on the very border of Oregon, he was overtaken by a United States army officer, Lieutenant Archibald Gillespie, the bearer of important letters from Senator Benton, and of a still more important secret despatch from Secretary of State Buchanan, containing information and instructions which started Fremont and his men southward again, fast as they could march.

The exact nature of the instructions thus delivered in the heart of the picturesque California wilderness has been debated almost as vigorously as the Mexican War itself. Fremont's own account, long accepted without question, asserts that he was distinctly authorized to take whatever measures he might deem proper to secure California for the United States. But the researches of recent historians of the conquest, notably Hubert Howe Bancroft and his collaborators, indicate that he was simply directed to keep an eye on the progress of events, and co-operate with United States Consul Larkin, of Monterey, to whom also Gillespie had brought a secret despatch appointing him to serve as a confidential agent of the United States in promoting annexationistic sentiments among the native population. Proceeding on this view of the case, it is argued that Fremont acted in deliberate disobedience of his orders, that the course he pursued hindered rather than helped the conquest, and that on him must be placed the responsibility for the subsequent animosity between the victors and the vanquished. That he disobeyed orders seems borne out by the facts brought to light of late years; but, in the opinion of the present writer at any rate, the other accusations are unwarranted.

It must be remembered that besides appointing confidential agents with instructions to confine their efforts to the cultivation of a friendly understanding with the Californians, the United States Government directed Commodore Sloat to take possession of the ports of the province at the first news of war with Mexico, and further ordered General Kearny to march an army overland for active co-operation with Sloat. Now, although it is true that a native faction was quite willing to see California peacefully absorbed by the United States, it is ridiculous to suppose that the secret agents could have so managed affairs that the population as a whole would feel not so much as resentment at the forcible seizure of their country. Some degree of patriotism must be conceded even to the despised Californian. And albeit Fremont began the fighting, he was likewise the first to attempt, by kindness, moderation, and generosity, to heal the wounds inevitable in every conquest; and had it not been for after events completely beyond his control, he might well have won additional fame as a pacificator. As to the charge that he hindered rather than helped the conquest, it need only be said, as we are now about to learn, that it was his boldness of action, if disobedience of orders, which nerved the vacillating Sloat to play the rôle assigned to him by the authorities at Washington. Viewed in the sober light of historical investigation, Fremont undoubtedly presents a less heroic appearance than that with which tradition has invested him. But he still remains the most impressive and the most attractive figure connected with the conquest.

His meeting with Gillespie took place on the evening of May 9, 1846. Within little more than a fortnight he was back in the Sacramento Valley, where he found the American settlers greatly disturbed by reports that Castro was mustering an army to expel them from California. Fremont's return only increased the excitement, it being felt that he must have

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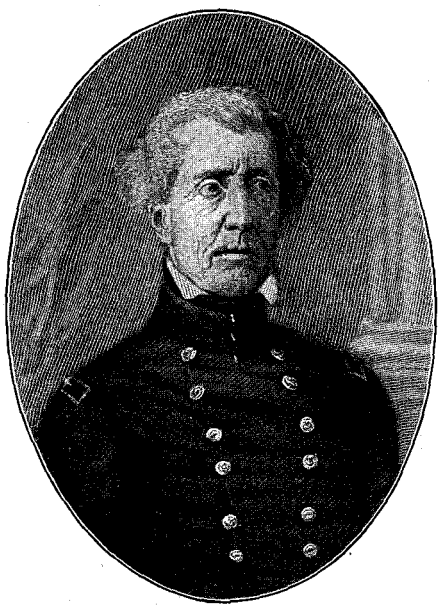
learned that the lives of his countrymen were in danger. As a matter of fact, while Castro was probably incensed and suspicious, as a result not merely of Fremont's defiance but also of the rumored plans of the United States Government to take forcible possession of California, the evidence indicates that he did not contemplate any move against the Sacramento Valley Americans. Such, none the less, was the common belief, fortified, too, by the posting of a forged proclamation purporting to come from him and ordering all foreigners to leave the country. Taking counsel of their fears, the rancheros consulted with Fremont, who promised to protect them if attacked, and advised them to forestall aggression by assuming the offensive on their own account. Thus assured of armed support, a band of settlers sallied forth one afternoon from the explorer's camp, and at sunrise of June 10 surprised a company of Californians in charge of a number of horses intended for Castro's troops. Seizing the horses, but letting their escort depart unharmed, the settlers hurriedly returned to advise with Fremont as to their next move.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL KEARNY

Events now moved rapidly. It seemed certain that, whatever his earlier purposes, Castro would take the field against the budding revolutionists, and self-defense required action which would render it difficult for him to secure a foothold north of San Francisco Bay. Accordingly, while Fremont and his followers—many of whom begged permission to join openly in the movement—remained in camp, a tiny but stout-hearted army of thirty-three settlers crossed the Sacramento and by forced marches reached the town of Sonoma just before dawn of June 14. No garrison was in the place, the inhabitants were asleep, and it fell without a shot. Making prisoners of the military commandant and two other officers, and locking the citizens in their houses, the Americans promptly proceeded to take possession, hauling down the Mexican flag and substituting in its stead an improvised standard bearing a crude representation of a grizzly bear. On the whole, order was well maintained. There was considerable drinking, and some private property was taken. But there was nothing like systematic looting, and the Californians were in no way molested, being soon released and permitted to follow their ordinary occupations.

The ease with which success was gained and the braggart language used by some of the leaders have led certain historians to belittle the "Bear Flag" revolt, as it is known, and to refer in contemptuous terms to those who participated in it. Yet it was in reality a singularly bold and venturesome enterprise, carried through with a dash and a vim that compel admiration notwithstanding the feebleness of the opposition actually encountered. That the opposition was feeble was due not to the cowardice of the Californians as a race—at San Pascual they showed well enough that they would fight—but to the incapacity, and worse, of their commanders, and in especial of their Commander-in-Chief, General Castro. At the first news of the rising, Castro had fallen into a fine frenzy and had declared his intention of subduing the revolutionists with a ruthless hand. But, in place of immediately marching against them, he lingered for some days to observe the time-honored custom of issuing martial and patriotic proclamations. And when he laid aside

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the pen in favor of the sword, he led his forces not northward to Sonoma but southward to San Juan, whence he sent frantic appeals to Governor Pico to forget past animosities and join with him in crushing the army of thirty-three—now, to be sure, somewhat augmented by reinforcements from outlying ranches of the Sacramento. His one really warlike move was to send a detachment across San Francisco Bay under the command of a Colonel Torre, who, June 23, came into contact with a force of revolutionists and after a single exchange of volleys retreated with a loss of two men killed and several wounded. Two days later Fremont, aroused by the news of Torre's coming, was at Sonoma with his plainsmen, and henceforth was openly in charge of the revolution; winning no immediate renown, however, other than that arising from his capture of an abandoned fort on the site of the present San Francisco, and from an unsuccessful pursuit of Colonel Torre, who made good his escape to the southern side of the bay.

ROBERT F. STOCKTON

Meantime Commodore Sloat, cruising off the coast with his squadron, was painfully pondering the problem whether or not to obey orders and seize the California ports. News of the first collision between American and Mexican troops had reached him as early as May 17, but, despite the urgings of his subordinate officers, he could not, such was his extreme caution, bring himself to adopt the course mapped out at Washington. Finally, July 2, he sailed into Monterey Harbor, followed shortly afterwards by a British fleet under the command of Admiral Sir George F. Seymour, who had been watching his movements, not, probably, with a view to checkmate him in California, but to be ready for instant action in case the Oregon controversy should result in war between the United States and Great Britain. At Monterey Sloat heard for the first time of Fremont's operations in the north, and not unnaturally leaped to the conclusion that the explorer was acting under specific orders. Thus encouraged, though still somewhat fearful for the consequences, he seized Monterey July 7, without meeting any opposition—Castro fleeing further south as soon as the tidings were brought him—and sent word to Fremont to join him immediately. Fremont by that time had left Sonoma—where the Bear flag now gave place to the Stars and Stripes—and was back at his camp in the Sacramento Valley. But he lost not a moment in starting for Monterey with his command and a number of the whilom revolutionists. The impression the party made as they swept into the quiet streets of the quaint old California seaport has been well described in a passage which deserves citation for the vivid view it affords of the men who were the backbone of the conquest. It is taken from Frederick Walpole's "Four Years in the Pacific," a work by a British naval officer who was with Seymour at Monterey.

"A vast cloud of dust appeared first," writes Walpole, "and thence in long file emerged this wildest wild party. Fremont rode ahead—a spare, active-looking man, with such an eye! He was dressed in a blouse and leggings, and wore a felt hat. After him came five Delaware Indians, who were his bodyguard, and have been with him through all his wanderings; they had charge of the baggage horses. The rest, many of them blacker than the Indians, rode two

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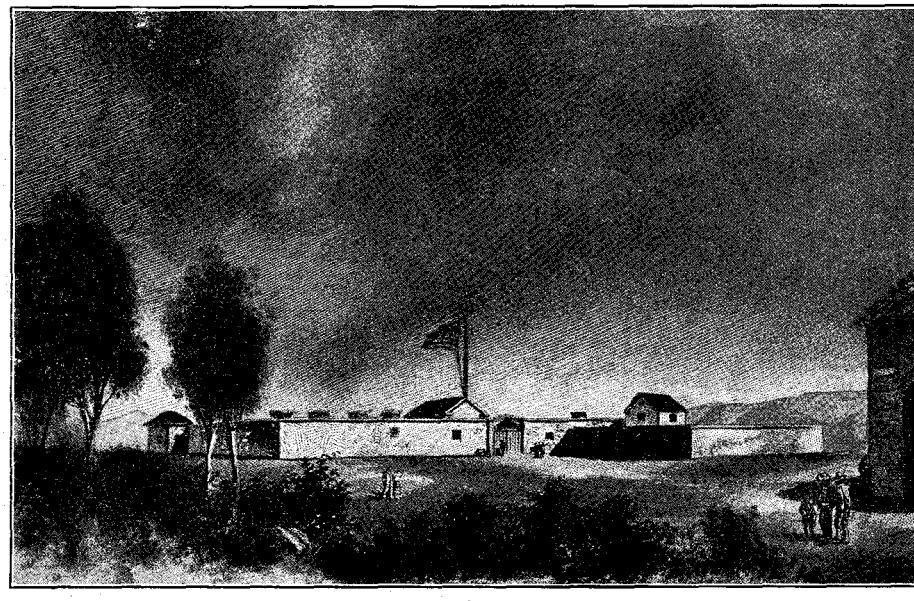
and two, the rifle held by one hand across the pommel of the saddle. Thirty-nine of them are his regular men, the rest are loafers picked up lately; his original men are principally backwoodsmen from the State of Tennessee and the banks of the upper waters of the Missouri. . . . The dress of these men was principally a long, loose coat of deerskin, tied with thongs in front; trousers of the same, of their own manufacture. . . . They are allowed no liquor, tea and sugar only; this, no doubt, has much to do with their good conduct; and the discipline, too, is very strict."

Good fighting material, this, and commanded by a man who well knew its worth and was eager to utilize it. But to Fremont's request that Sloat enlist his "Bear Flag Battalion" as part of the United States forces for the completion of the conquest, the Commodore returned a wrathful refusal. He had learned by now that Fremont's earlier actions had been based only on blanket instructions—were, it might be, contrary to instructions—and he bitterly reproached the explorer with having led him into an embarrassing situation. So great, in fact, was his confusion and anxiety that he sailed for home to explain matters, turning the squadron over to Commodore R. F. Stockton, who had chanced to arrive from Hawaii about the time Fremont made his dramatic entrance into Monterey. And in Stockton Fremont found both a friend and an ally who shared his views as to the necessity for energetic action. Constituting the "Bears" a volunteer battalion in the United States army, with Fremont at its head as Major, and Gillespie assisting him as Captain, Stockton decided on a campaign which had as chief objective the capture of the California capital, Los Angeles, where General Castro and Governor Pico had at last united forces.



SUTTER'S FORT
From an old print

Sailing from Monterey July 26, Fremont and his men reached San Diego, in the extreme south of California, three days later, raised the American flag, and, after leaving a garrison in the town, started to march north to Los Angeles, where they were to meet Stockton and join in a combined assault. Stockton, meanwhile, took a force of three hundred and sixty marines and sailors from Monterey to Santa Barbara—where the flag-raising formality was duly observed—and from Santa Barbara to San Pedro, a coastal town just south of Los Angeles. From San Pedro, after a few days spent

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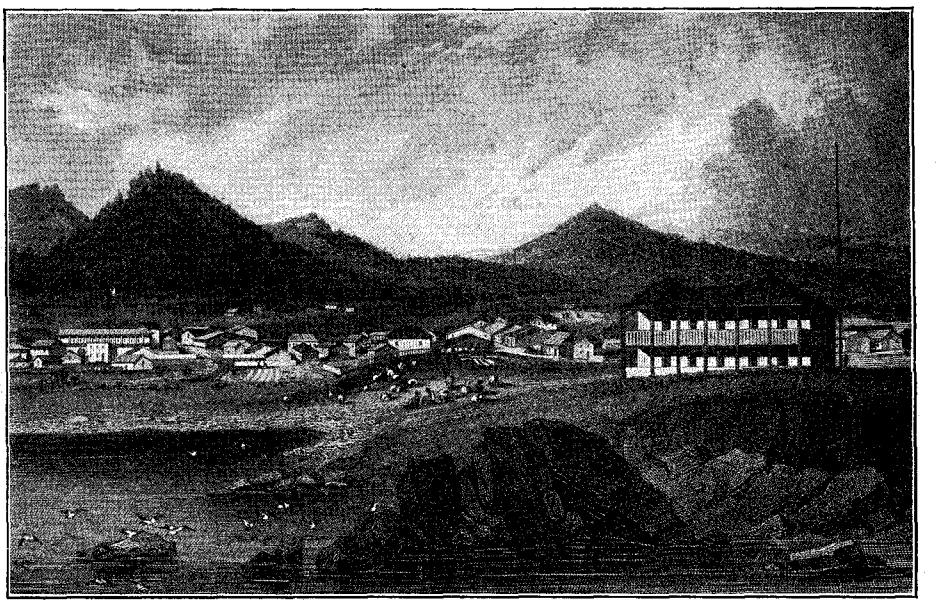
in drilling the seamen in the rudiments of land warfare, the advance to the capital was begun.

Castro, unready as ever, let it be known at this juncture that he would like to negotiate with the invaders. To his dismay he found them in no mood for negotiation. For at least this once, therefore, he reached a quick decision, sending to Governor Pico a long despatch in which he explained that he was about to disband his army and go to Mexico in order to report the situation to the central authorities. He should, he added, be pleased to have the Governor as a traveling companion on the long journey, an invitation which fell in so well with Pico's own desires that the unworthy pair were soon in full flight across the border. The California Legislative Assembly, then in session, likewise adjourned *sine die*, the members seeking safety by a hasty retreat. Without leaders and without troops, the people of Los Angeles had no alternative but to submit.



MONTEREY IN ITS EARLY DAYS
From an old print

August 13, then, at five o'clock in the afternoon, Fremont's and Stockton's combined forces entered the city with flags flying and drums beating. As always, they maintained excellent discipline, and this, together with the encouraging strains of a brass band which gave a concert in the evening, reassured the citizens to a considerable extent. Some progress, though more apparent than real, in re-establishing friendly relations was also effected by a tour of conciliation which Fremont made through the surrounding country. By the practice of making prisoners and then releasing them on parole, it was hoped to secure further sureties for future peace; but it soon became evident that the installation of a garrison would be necessary, and for this work Stockton detailed Gillespie and fifty men. About the same time he appointed Fremont military commandant of all California, and then, September 5, sailed for Monterey with the greater part of the troops. Three days afterwards Fremont followed him to establish headquarters in the genial valley of the Sacramento.

The conquest now seemed complete. But there were patriots among the Californians, and, freed from the deadening influence of Castro and Pico, a few bold souls began to concert measures to win back the province. Chief among these was a paroled officer named Flores, who, reckless of the fact that he had given

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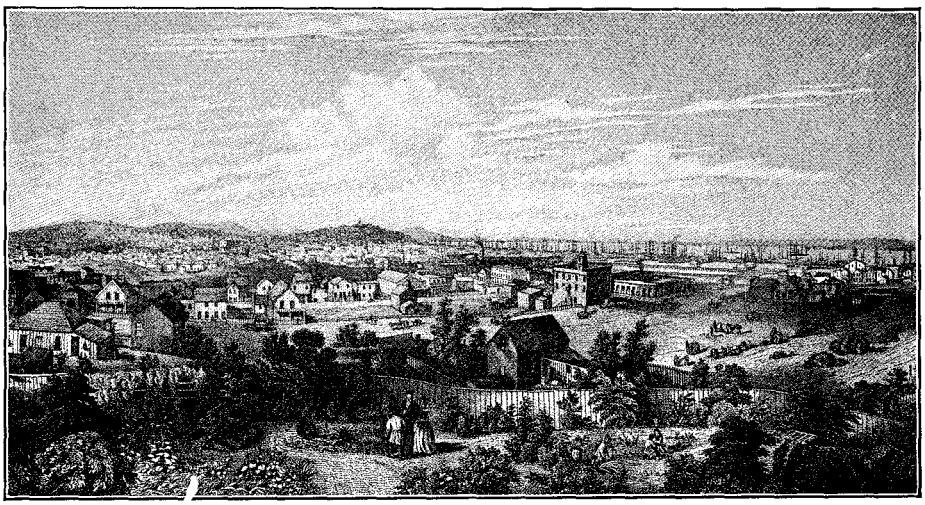
his word not to take up arms against the United States, before long had a following sufficiently strong to enable him to lay a successful siege to Los Angeles and expel Gillespie, who was forced to capitulate and retire to Monterey. A little later the Californians reoccupied Santa Barbara and San Diego, and, October 4, defeated a force which Stockton had sent against them. Then began a guerrilla warfare, as difficult for the Americans to repress as it was unprofitable for the Californians to pursue.

Fremont, at the first intimation of the attack on Gillespie, had hastened to Monterey—where, by the way, he found awaiting him a commission as lieutenant-colonel in the United States army—and thence to Santa Barbara by water, intending to procure horses and gallop to Gillespie's relief. But no horses were to be had, and reluctantly he was compelled to return to Monterey, at which place the defeated Gillespie had in the meantime arrived. With the greatest energy Fremont now began to raise an army, and early in November was at the head of a motley—but, for the work in hand, exceedingly effective—force of five hundred plainsmen, settlers, recently arrived immigrants, and native Indians. With these he took the field, ridding North California of the enemy, and starting south to join Stockton, who was operating about the capital.

It was during this march that an incident occurred of which his biographers have deservedly made much. Jesus Pico, a brother of the fugitive governor, had joined the insurrectionists in violation of his parole, and on being captured was tried by a court martial and sentenced to death. This sentence Fremont approved; but, an hour before the time set for the execution, moved by the prayers and lamentations of Pico's wife and children, he granted the condemned a full pardon. Pico (if we are at liberty to accept the traditional account), "overcome with emotion, flung himself upon the floor before Colonel Fremont, clasped his hands convulsively, swore eternal fidelity to him and his, and begged the privilege of fighting and dying for him." This may be putting the case overstrongly; but there is no doubt that henceforth Pico and Pico's friends were sincerely attached to Fremont, and that by many other, if less sensational, acts of clemency and kindness Fremont did much to gain for his countrymen the confidence and good will of the beaten Californians.



SAN FRANCISCO IN THE MIDDLE OF THE LAST CENTURY
From an old print

As yet, however, the Californians had still to acknowledge defeat, and Fremont's efforts were chiefly directed to their subjugation. But so elusive were they that he could never close with them in anything like a regular engagement. That fortune was reserved for another

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American commander, with results by no means redounding to the prestige of American arms. General Stephen W. Kearny, the reader will recall, had occupied New Mexico in August, and had set out on the long overland journey to California with the intention of similarly occupying that province, the conquest of which by Stockton and Fremont was quite unknown to him. Early in October he met a messenger hurrying from California to Washington with a report of the conquest, and on being told that the Californians had submitted without the slightest resistance, and were a race of cowards, he sent most of his force back to Santa Fé, continuing his journey with only one hundred dragoons. Nothing untoward occurred until the long and dreary march was almost at its end, when Kearny found his progress blocked by a numerous, active, and most troublesome foe.

While debating the best course to pursue, he was joined by Gillespie and forty men, sent by Stockton to reinforce him; and it was then decided to attack the Californians, who had taken up a strong position in the mountain village of San Pascual. Badly planned, and fought by travel-exhausted men, it would be charitable to Kearny to describe the resultant engagement as a drawn battle. He lost seventeen killed and eighteen wounded, the enemy withdrew and continued to harass him, and he was soon in a most dangerous situation, from which he was extricated only by the timely arrival of another body of troops from Stockton. Thus reinforced, he pushed painfully on, uniting with Stockton at San Diego late in December, and before the end of the month advancing with him against Los Angeles, which was still in the hands of the Californians.

All this time Fremont and his five hundred volunteers were approaching the same city from the north, encountering no opposition, but suffering terribly from cold and storms. Christmas Day they crossed the Santa Inez mountains in a blizzard, reaching Santa Barbara a couple of days afterwards, and early in the new year resuming their march to Los Angeles. But before they arrived there they were met by two Californians who told them that Stockton and Kearny, after a skirmish on the banks of the San Gabriel River, had entered the capital in triumph; and the next day two of the insurgent leaders came into Fremont's camp to treat for peace. Terms of capitulation were speedily arranged, Fremont, with a generosity as politic as it was conspicuous, overlooking the broken paroles and extending a general amnesty. This marked the end of the war, and the definite establishment of American authority in California. With its unpleasant sequel, the quarrel between Kearny and Stockton over the question of who should exercise supreme authority, and the court-martialing of Fremont on charges of disobedience preferred by Kearny, we need not concern ourselves.

But it is important, in closing, to make clear the territorial consequences of the conquest and of the success of American arms in Mexico. There, owing to the desperate valor of the Mexicans, the struggle lasted until the fall of 1847, and it was not until February, 1848, that a treaty of peace was actually signed. By its provisions the United States gained all that Polk had determined upon, and Mexico only a fraction of the pecuniary compensation previously offered—fifteen million dollars, and the assumption by the United States of the unpaid claims, in exchange for the vast area out of which have since been created the States of California, Nevada, and Utah, and parts of Arizona, New Mexico, and Colorado. Five years later, however, another sum of ten millions was paid for a further readjustment of the boundary, adding a scant forty-five thousand square miles to the territory of the United States in southern Arizona. The Gadsden Purchase, as this is known, marked the last step in the American advance, so far as related to territory adjacent to the Republic.

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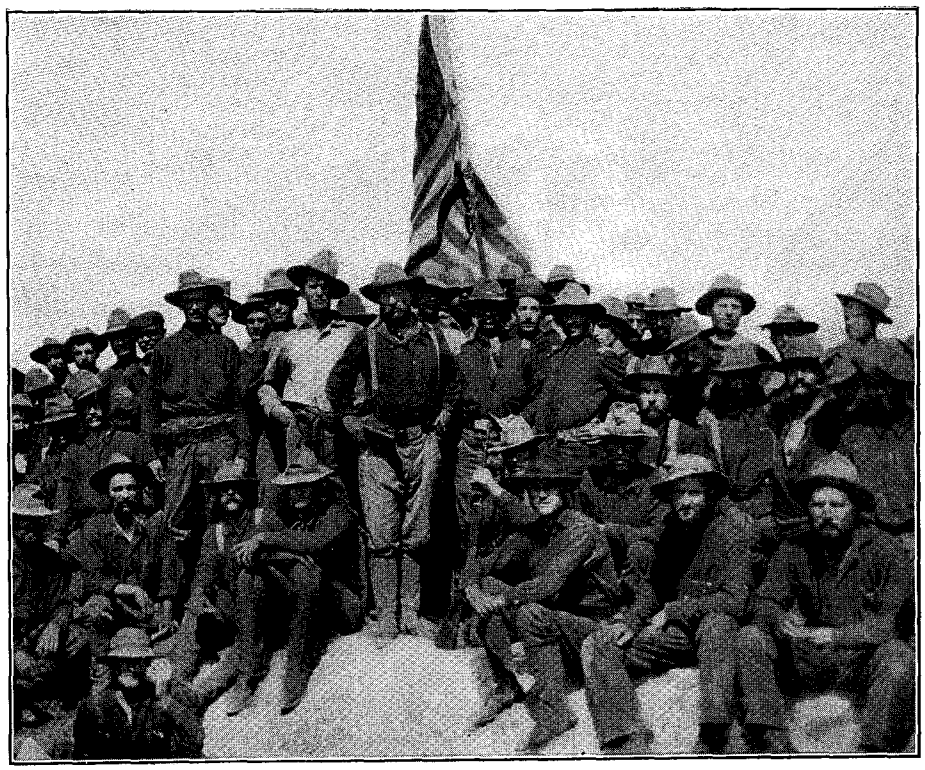

PHOTOGRAPH BY WILLIAM DINWIDDIE

ON THE HILL

(July 1, 1898)

BY ROBERT BRIDGES

"My men were children of the dragon's blood."—*The Rough Riders.*

There on the summit was your "crowded hour;"—
The wine of life poured out in one swift draught,
The joy of battle which you gayly quaffed,
The cheers of comrades and the thrill of power.
The dragon's blood there bloomed in crimson flower;
From West and East had come the vital seed
Garnered in glory for the Nation's need;
The "fighting edge" of heroes was their dower.

Now hand to hand you strive with sterner foes;
You lead where few before have tried to lead,
And rashly dare to check unbridled greed,
While doubters scoff and magnify their woes.
On your brave summit you have waged the fight;
Unwearied you have battled for the Right.

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MR. ASQUITH, PRIME MINISTER OF ENGLAND

BY ROBERT WATCHORN

Commissioner of Immigration of the Port of New York

In company with the writer of this article, a member of the Outlook staff chanced to be in England when Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman resigned his office and Mr. Henry Asquith succeeded him as Prime Minister. There were many opportunities to meet those intimately associated with the new Premier in his notable political career, and to breathe to some extent the atmosphere in which his great public service thus far has been rendered. At the request of The Outlook, Mr. Watchorn, a native and for twenty years a resident of England, has set down for our readers this brief sketch of the new Premier, and his impressions of the political situation as it centers in the policy and the prospects of Mr. Asquith.—THE EDITORS.

ON the 30th of March, 1908, the writer and two friends were, after some difficulty, accorded the coveted privilege of sitting in the crowded gallery of the House of Commons. Mr. Redmond's resolution favoring Home Rule for Ireland was scheduled for discussion, and the newspapers had given a great deal of attention to it, many of them anticipating it as the most interesting debate of the session, which accounted, no doubt, for the unusual demand for seats in the strangers' gallery.

It was 3:45 P.M. when we reached our seats, and simultaneously Mr. Redmond's pleasing voice and delightful phrasing caught our ears, and we were thus fortunate enough to hear the whole of his very eloquent speech. It was a most interesting scene. The "House" was, to quote the press, never so fully attended since the opening session, thus attesting the importance of the subject and the popularity of the leading participants in the debate, for Mr. Balfour, Earl Percy, Mr. Birrell, Mr. Asquith, Mr. Redmond, and Mr. Healy were all advertised to speak.

Mr. Redmond evidently realized that the absence of the Prime Minister placed him at a disadvantage; especially so in view of the fact that the Prime Minister would be unable personally to deny a comparatively anti-Home Rule sentiment which had been ascribed to him. Mr. Redmond denied it for him in these words: "And now, while the whole civilized world sits in strained anxiety at the stricken Premier's bedside, I deem it my duty to him and to the cause of Home Rule to assure this House that he never expressed the view that has been ascribed to him." He appeared to scent a change of front on the part of the Government, due to the absence of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, and the subsequent speeches demonstrated the correctness of his apprehension.

Mr. Birrell's speech was a careful negation, pleading his unaltered faith in the justice of and necessity for Home Rule for Ireland, but admitting his impotence to give effect to his views. The Irish members did not conceal their disappointment over Mr. Birrell's speech—he is Chief Secretary for Ireland—but, despite his high office, there was another speech to which they were looking forward with more eager apprehension. They were sitting in "strained anxiety" to hear the man who had been one of Mr. Gladstone's principal lieutenants in the wildly exciting days of 1892, who had then thrown himself with full force into the fight on behalf of the Irish cause, and had proved himself second only to his great leader as a valiant and successful advocate of that cause. Then he occupied a comparatively minor position; now, after sixteen years of advancement, every step of which has been taken unerringly toward his logical accession to the leadership, he was on the day of this debate Acting Premier; and well did the House of Commons realize that a melancholy impending event was quite certain

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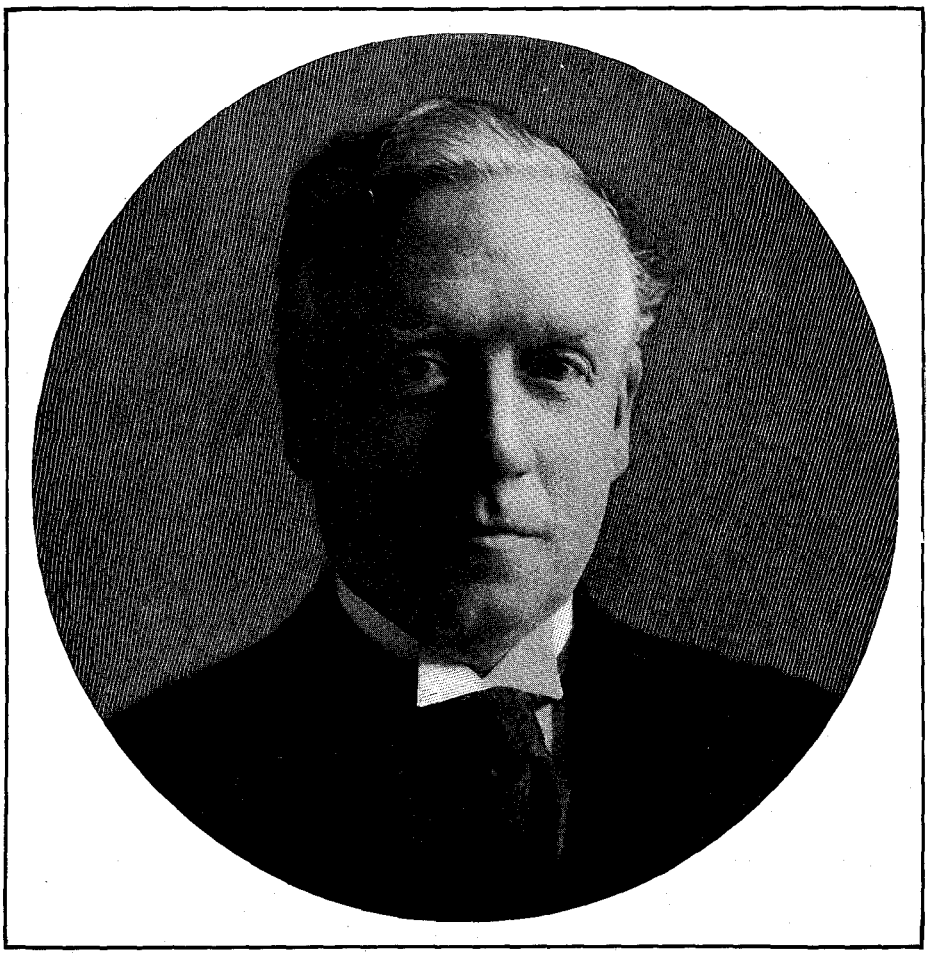
to make him in the near future Premier by appointment. Therefore the interest with which his speech was awaited was, by that fact, greatly intensified.

Mr. Asquith is nothing if not positive, clear, and emphatic, and his speech on March 30, 1908, was no exception to his general attitude. As he spoke, Irish representatives seemed to see the line of prospect vanishing, and their sincere grief over the inevitable early dissolution of their friend and their hope—Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman—was greatly increased. Mr. Asquith, like Mr. Birrell, recanted nothing of his former views as to Home Rule, but, unlike Mr. Birrell, Mr. Asquith was direct, positive, and determined. The horizon of Home Rule was pushed back to an indefinite circumference by that speech, not because Mr. Asquith is less of a Home Ruler, but because Mr. Asquith, to use a homely phrase, has now "other fish to fry."

That that view of the situation was borne in upon the Irish members is very apparent from the pathetic and vigorous but fiery speech of Mr. Healy, who responded to it, and who, in taunting Mr. Asquith with having recanted or backslided, borrowed a sentence from Mr. Justin McCarthy, "The Chancellor of the Exchequer has closed the gates of mercy with a clang," and added, "It is weary business—waiting, hoping, pleading in vain, finding no consolation in the failure of our tears to rust out our chains" (I quote from memory), closing with the declaration that Mr. Asquith, who had



HERBERT HENRY ASQUITH

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given Ireland in the past the greatest encouragement, had now given her her crowning disappointment.

In a few days following that debate Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman resigned the office of Prime Minister. His Majesty King Edward was at Biarritz, and to him Herbert Henry Asquith proceeded, in response to the royal command, and there received the appointment of Prime Minister of the British Empire. Now he who has steadily and unintermittently risen in the estimation of his countrymen since his Parliamentary candidacy in 1886 is suddenly thrust upward into a more conspicuous and honored place. Once a parochial, then a provincial, later a national, now he becomes an international personage. All eyes are turned on him. What has he done? What does he promise? What will he do? The debate on Home Rule might not have compelled extraordinary attention but for the momentous events which ensued before the echoes of the eloquence of it had died away.

Mr. Stead told me that he intended writing an article on "The Dual Mr. Asquith;" which led me to ask if he were a man of moods. "On the contrary," said Mr. Stead, "he is one of the most progressive, the most steadfast and most constructive of our statesmen; but he makes the mistake of maintaining the outward attitude of 'a man of blood and iron,' and of carefully concealing from view the other side of his character—that of love, affection, benevolence, and tenderness—all of which attributes he possesses to an eminent degree." These characteristics are the very reverse of those usually manifested by politicians, alike of low and high degree. This revelation whets one's appetite for more facts, and accelerates the inquiry therefor.

Mr. Asquith was born on September 12, 1852, at Morley, Yorkshire. His father, Dixon Asquith, was a modest business man, and his mother the daughter of a Justice of the Peace, William Willans, of Huddersfield. At the time of his birth the war clouds were forming; practiced eyes already perceived them, bigger than a man's hand on the distant horizon, and before he was out of his swaddling-clothes these clouds had burst and deluged the Crimea with rivers of blood and had drained several national exchequers of colossal treasures. Before he was five years of age he participated in a Sunday-school procession in honor of the proclamation of peace. The heights of Alma had hidden their ghastly dead; Inkermann was bathed in tears, as though to wash its blood-stained fields; Sebastopol's bells were pealing forth the glad songs of peace; and England—whose bereavement was sore indeed—was eagerly catching up the glad refrain and augmenting the swelling praise that war's devastation was halted; and in that chorus of joy young Asquith joined, banner in hand, lusty of lung, and thus auspiciously, though no doubt unconsciously, dedicated his life to the interests of peace.

England is too prone to look for her great leaders to hail from her stately homes, and in straining her eyes steadily in that direction she sometimes loses sight of the coming of greatness from humbler quarters.

At eight years of age young Asquith lost his father—a great bereavement. Shortly afterwards he was sent to the Moravian Board School; thence to the City of London School; and there he may be said to have fairly entered upon his career. That he is of militant stock is attested by the historical fact that one of his paternal ancestors was imprisoned in York Castle for taking part in the "Farnley Wood Plot" of 1664—"an attempt by the Puritans to revive the conditions of the Commonwealth;" and the Asquiths have since remained stanch Nonconformists. Forty years prior to the incarceration of Joseph Asquith in York Castle, many of his kind sought relief from oppression by betaking themselves to a New World on the Western Hemisphere, and the world now knows all about them and their adventurous voyage in the Mayflower, their memorable landing at Plymouth Rock, and the ineffaceable impress they have made on a mighty continent. But those who, like Joseph Asquith, remained behind and fought a no less heroic fight, have not figured so prominently in the accounts given of the

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splendid battles for freedom and liberty. Thanks to the undying fervor of true devotion to the great cause of liberty, we are now, by the triumphant ascendency of the modern Asquith, enabled to take note of, and give due credit to, the courage and caliber of his sturdy ancestry. If Joseph Asquith, to escape the confinement and pain of York Castle, had preferred to join his compatriots on the Massachusetts shore, who can doubt that his family name would have been indelibly written on every parchment recording the events which are dear to every American heart, the mere recital of which causes the blood to tingle and the heart to throb with pardonable pride? But he did not emigrate; hence this sketch.

The day we called—by permission—at No. 10 Downing Street, the angel of death was hovering over its portals. That lovable and beloved soul, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, was therein yielding uncomplainingly to the inevitable.

It was thus that I was put in touch with the official environment of two marked men—the retiring and the coming leaders—devoted comrades in life, affectionate friends to the last. Despite their unique congeniality, these two men were of vastly differing type, as different as Walpole and Bismarck. The Bismarckian type is now at the helm; Bismarckian only in the sense that Mr. Asquith is strong as grips of steel, tenacity itself in pursuance of whatever course his conscience and judgment mark out for him. But, while more methodical, precise, and emphatic than his predecessor, he shared his views and admired his character very much indeed. He will strive for much the same ends, but in a different way. His predecessor allowed full play to all his lieutenants, and allowed the legislative hopper to get full, and in danger of being choked; with the inevitable result that valuable measures got in the way of each other. Mr. Bannerman's policy of three or four abreast will now give place to tandem teams. Mr. Asquith's proposals will be determined by the capacity for output; the number of actual enactments, rather than the volume of proposed measures, will be the standard of his test of efficiency. Like St. Paul, he says, in effect, to his supporters, 'This one thing I do.'" He is not susceptible of being daunted, discouraged, or stampeded. He has a large working majority, despite the sharply drawn lines of demarcation which divide it into incohesive groups on certain important questions, and he may be relied on to "shunt" all questions likely to increase incoherence, and to give prominence to those questions which will command the support of his majority, giving precedence to the bills in the order of their importance.

The two or three important measures which will be pressed to final passage within a year are the University for Ireland Bill, the Licensing Bill, and the Old Age Pensions. On the first of these little or no opposition is expected in the "Commons," but the licensing measure will undoubtedly meet with much opposition and probably some modifications, enough opposition having been already developed to warrant this conclusion. An Old Age Pension Bill is an entirely new feature in British politics, and when it is realized that to give a pension of a dollar and a quarter per week to every person over sixty-five years of age would require an appropriation of 27,000,000 pounds sterling per annum, something of the magnitude of the undertaking may be imagined. Of course no one at No. 10 Downing Street for a moment thinks of providing a pension for all persons over sixty-five years of age, and in consequence a much smaller appropriation will be required to meet the provisions of this bill; but what saving will be effected in pounds, shillings, and pence will be more than offset by the difficulty of drawing the line, according to British ideas of fair play, between those who are to be pensioned and those who are not. The two outer fringes of wealth and poverty will offer no difficulty, but the pensionable may not all be of the latter fringe, hence the margin for troublesome speculation. The carrying of these measures will give us a criterion by which we may anticipate the future policy of the new Puritan Premier. Those who have watched him—and they are legion—since he as a youth of seventeen won the Balliol scholarship, who have seen him

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score triumph after triumph, and who know of his invariable habit of profoundly and carefully investigating everything before forming an opinion, need no further criterion as to his course. They also know that he is painstakingly accurate in his inquiries and equally fearless in the promulgation of his views, and that Great Britain is about to feel the grip of a firm, steady hand at the helm of the ship of state, of one who will steer a course for the weal of the Empire with a fidelity unsurpassed by any of his illustrious predecessors.

President Roosevelt—who has much of the Asquith temperament—in addressing a great audience in New York in February, 1905, said: "Tell me how a man is regarded by his own family and by those who know him best, and I will tell you the kind of man he is." Judged by this test—and it is admittedly a fair one—Mr. Asquith is, plus the popular opinion of him, a devoted husband and father, an affectionate friend, and an ideal companion. He is not unacquainted with the circumstances which are the common experience of the English lower and middle classes. He knows more about the actual life of the factory hand, the miner, the weaver, and, in short, all grades of toilers, than any man in England who ever rose to ministerial rank, not excepting John Burns, whom he greatly admires. His life is a great inspiration to young men of all classes, and his name is one with which college men freely conjure.

As a Young Men's Christian Association debater he was always successful, and that affiliation is a splendid encouragement to millions of young men throughout the world who constitute the Young Men's Christian Association. The plaudits which were showered upon him up to the middle of the decade commencing 1880 were mainly local; but in 1886 he bounded into the political arena, and "stood for" East Fife as a pronounced Home Ruler, after a few years as a comparatively "briefless barrister," during which his experience was not very encouraging. It was his signal abilities that compelled notice and drew for him adequate rewards. His first important case was that of John Burns, whom he unsuccessfully defended, but the consummate skill which he displayed gave him a prominence which he has never lost.

He was later chosen by Lord Charles Russell to assist in the defense of Parnell in the great Times libel suit. He devoted nearly a year to a thorough investigation of the intricacies of the case, and during the trial, which seemed to be assuming a monotonous phase of barren results, Mr. Asquith was directed by Lord Russell to "take the next witness," Mr. MacDonald, the manager of the Times. He reluctantly assumed the task, owing to the importance of the witness; his mild demurrer was overruled by Lord Russell, and he proceeded, with a result that electrified the world, breaking down the case of the Times so completely as to establish the innocence of the world-famous defendant, Charles Stewart Parnell. This incident acquitted the Irish Parliamentary leader of a foul accusation, and at the same time it furnished Mr. Asquith with an open door to fame, through which he promptly entered, to the enjoyment of a well-earned reward.

Comments on his public and Parliamentary speeches by his colleagues, his opponents, and the press, all give him an ungrudged place in the front rank of British orators. A perusal of his speeches reveals the consistency and power of a great man, no less so than those eloquent witnesses, a firm-set jaw, a resolute mouth, a benevolent head, and fine, lustrous, unwavering eyes. Speaking on a comparatively recent occasion, he said: "Gentlemen, we may have what are called successes in later life, but there are always compensatory circumstances which take away from their glamour and their pleasure, and which perhaps an inexperienced spectator might ignore; but when you are seventeen, when you have no care, when you have no fears about the future, when you have no compromising past to rise up in judgment against you, the attainment of success is a pure, an unalloyed, an unmitigated satisfaction." It may be taken for granted that no former attitude he has ever assumed will be so much at variance with his policy as Premier as to constitute a "compro-

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PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—APRIL 1, 1908.

COURAGE DEFERRED.

MR. ASQUITH. "THAT'S RIGHT, MY BEAUTY, HAVE A LOOK AT IT. BUT WE'RE NOT TAKING IT JUST NOW. WE'RE GOING ROUND BY THE GATE TO-DAY."

PUNCH'S VIEW OF THE NEW PRIME MINISTER'S HOME RULE ATTITUDE

mising past to rise up in judgment against him," and much will depend on the ripeness or unripeness of Great Britain for the acceptance of those advanced ideas for which he has so bravely and eloquently pleaded, as to his tenure as Premier; for, to paraphrase an American statesman, he will much prefer "being right to being Prime Minister."

He is not only a very much advanced statesman, but he is of a deeply religious temperament, indicative of the impress of his early Congregational home life. On the occasion of his marriage to Miss Margot Tennant, only daughter of Sir Charles Tennant, at St. George's Church, Hanover Square, on May 10, 1894 (his second marriage), he specially

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requested that the choir sing his favorite hymn, "O God, our help in ages past," and the bride carried a book of Common Prayer instead of the customary bouquet. Nothing short of a deep-rooted, sincere religious nature could have suggested, nor aught but a firmness of character executed, such a programme. Such a tender devotion to early impressions is touching under any circumstances, but doubly so when the environment is replete with greatness such as characterized that assembly—a noble tribute to his distinguished abilities and to the equally notable versatility of his bride. Among those present were the Bishop of Rochester, Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, Lord Rosebery, the Earl of Kimberley, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Sir Henry Fowler, Mr. Morley, Mr. Bryce, Mr. Balfour, Mr. Chamberlain, Viscount Peel, and the Russian and American Ambassadors. Mr. Haldane acted as best man, and Miss Dorothy Drew as one of the bridesmaids.

His devotion to an active, potential, evangelical religion has been fully demonstrated by his speeches at various functions of the Methodists, Congregationalists, and others. Speaking at the City Road Chapel eight years ago, he eulogized John Wesley as one of England's greatest sons, and added: "For two generations his name and his work were the target for the gibes of the cultured and for the coarser hostility of the crowd, but time, as is its wont, has brought him a splendid vindication." Again, in a speech at the Lyndhurst Road Congregational Chapel, he greatly encouraged the congregation not only to continue its good work, but to strike out to a wider field of social influence and usefulness: "We must get rid of the time-honored, outworn system by which people carry their philanthropic and their municipal work in watertight compartments; we must insist on the highest possible standard of civic probity."

As late as 1904 Mr. Asquith was present at the laying of a foundation-stone in connection with Whitefield's Tabernacle, London, and spoke in part as follows: "Many of us here are radicals in politics or in religion, or both. The most radical among us need not be ashamed if we learn from the great men, the great workers, of the past; and in this place it is fitting that you should follow in the footsteps of Whitefield, and imitate his elasticity and freedom of method. However much workers in shops and factories may be protected by law, each has still a personality of his own; yet how difficult it is to develop these possibilities in the conditions in which they live! Apart from those coarse temptations from which they should be protected, the routine of the day and the isolation which envelops them tend to produce an intellectual and moral numbness which renders it difficult, if not impossible, for them to do their duty to the community. Anything which will stimulate these toilers, so little provided for, who make no appeal to philanthropic effort (for they do not need to be reclaimed), which will make them realize their corporate life, renders a greater service to the people of London than could a hundred laws placed upon the statute-book."

His keen interest in local affairs has not impaired his grasp on the wider field of international subjects. His expressed opinion on the American-Spanish War will afford a partial insight of his broad view. On May 3, 1898, he delivered a speech in defense of the United States in its war with Spain, in which he spoke, in part, as follows: "My sympathies are, and have been from the first, entirely and heartily with the United States. There are always people who can see in great movements of national feeling nothing more than the disguised operation of selfish and sordid forces. I think that in their resolution to put an end to the cruelties and abominations which a system of incurable misgovernment has inflicted upon Cuba, the American Nation, in responding to the demands of humanity and liberty, is setting a worthy example to the great Christian Powers of the world." How consistent this view is with his whole life! He loves to smite cruelty and to espouse emancipation; to discountenance unfairness and to promote genuine fair play. He loves merit and hates ostentation; he commends modesty and despises affectation. Note his remarks to the Press

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Club, whose guest he was, as to his opinion of those who carelessly disseminate misleading and harmful information: "The dangers of the press are twofold; one is the tendency to partisanship, not only in the advocacy of opinions, but in the manipulation of the news; another is the temptation to be first in the field with one malodorous morsel of personal gossip, which an hour's inquiry would prove an empty and often a cruel invention."

One might pick up copies of his speeches at random, and be sure of finding in them conclusive evidence of his intelligent grasp of the social and political problems of the day; and as his first official act, that of promoting Sir Henry Fowler and Mr. John Morley to the House of Lords, denotes his adhesion to his early professions—the former being a leading Methodist and the latter the son of a Methodist class-leader—we may rely on his official course conforming to those refreshing and invigorating views which have not only marked him out as a man of profound inquiry, but one who, while cultivating the pathway to the place where one "informs the royal ear," has never overlooked those whose lives are subjected to privations and discomforts which disqualify them from the ordinary enjoyments to which all of the units of a healthy community are entitled.

His concluding remarks to the National Liberal Federation evince an insight into the lives of the more unfortunate of the people which cannot fail to evoke the commendations of all who sympathize with that class, or to find an echo in the heart of every genuine lover of his country and his fellow-men; and no one who peruses carefully this extract from that great and memorable speech will fail to connect the Licensing Bill and the proposed Old Age Pension Bill with the sentiments he entertained at the time of its delivery: "Never in our history has the State had more urgent need to be better equipped, for never have darker or graver problems concerned our statesmen. A hundred years ago the greatest of our political writers composed his immortal epitaph upon the age of chivalry—an age of chivalry which we could not if we would, and would not if we could, recall; days when the common people formed the dim and unregarded background for the prowess and pleasure of the few. With the widening horizon of interest and opportunities there is an ever-enlarging field for a noble spirit of adventure. Behind and beneath the surface of society there are sights terrible, appalling, and yet inspiring for those who have eyes to see. The laborer tills the fields which are not his own, season after season, with patient industry, with no hope for his old age beyond the precarious bounty of public or private charity. The worker, old before her time, lives a life worse than that of a mediæval serf, in the squalor of the sweater's den. The little child cowers in the cold and the darkness while it listens in terror for the unsteady step which is to it the signal of its parent's home-coming. These surely are figures, if we could only recognize it, more appalling to the imagination and more stirring to the sense of wrong than ever inspired crusader or knight errant. While these things remain, there is work to be done, there are spurs to be won by every soldier who is enlisted in the army of progress, and you and I, who have taken service in its ranks, renew our fealty to-night to the great cause of which justice is the end and freedom the instrument, and with whose fortunes are bound up the best hopes for the future of our country."

The youth of our land will find in the life of this remarkable man, his modest birth, and his early struggles, a fine confirmation of one of the most inspiring of poems:

"The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."

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THE KINGBIRDS OF HATCH POND

BY HERBERT K. JOB

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

ONE of the special joys of certain human temperaments is to be unique. They tire of the dreary level of convention, and take delight in blazing for themselves a new trail through picturesque and untrodden wilds. Some men even get drunk to shake off the deadly monotony of a well-worn routine; others like to shock their friends by some harmless oddity, or to surprise them with an absurd prank. This sort of self-assertion is one manifestation of the love of personal liberty implanted in every human breast. And if so universal in highly developed man, may it not, perhaps, be traced back, at least in rudiment, to some of the humbler forms? Why should we alone proudly lay claim to a power of initiative, and patronize our animal neighbors as mere automatons of habit?

Though it is undeniable that we are treading upon uncertain ground if we impute motives to animals, there can be no harm in an acknowledged hypothesis, and in the case of the kingbirds of Hatch Pond no one is asked seriously to accept the proposition that they were an original and bizarre couple, with a fondness for posing for effect. We may, though, believe that they were unusual little bird-people, with possibly an original idea or two. To a certain extent they were true to type, for they were of the same mind with another pair or two of their species in deciding that Hatch Pond, in the attractive town of Kent, Connecticut, with its inexhaustible food-supply of dragon-flies, was a fine location for a summer residence—as various featherless people of another sort, from the cities, are also beginning to find out. Good nesting-sites of the traditional sort there were in abundance, and the other kingbird families in due time took advantage of them. Fine old apple orchards there were just back from the placid sheet of water in which was mirrored the hemlock-clad declivity on the west side, and whose surface was dotted with fragrant water-lilies. Such orchards are attractive beyond all else to the traditional kingbird heart, and one of these was pre-empted by a chattering pair that made themselves conspicuous in serving notice that all creatures objectionable to them had better keep away. Shade trees on the adjoining roadside held forth their charms as nesting-sites, as did the bushes growing from the shallow water at either end of the pond—such sites as are also the delight of many a pair of proud, pugnacious kingbirds. But this particular pair would have none of them; they had ideas of their own; they ignored the conventionalities, the moss-grown customs, of their ancestors.

From the time of their arrival in their New England summer home, that first

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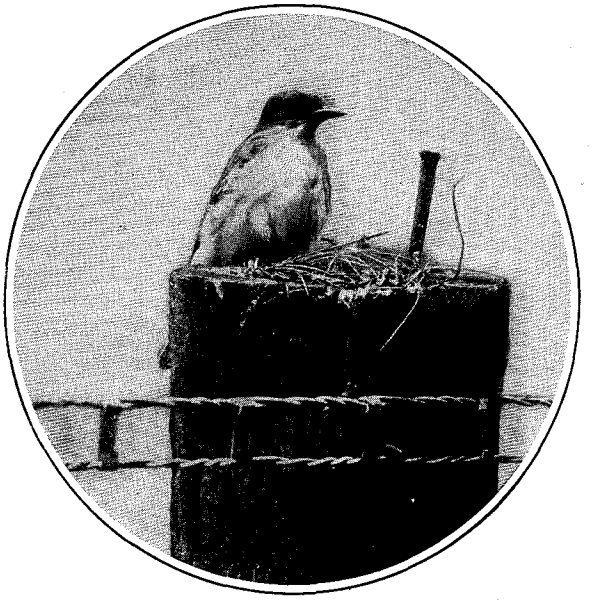
week in May, after their long, wearisome flight from South America, the happily married pair showed a leaning to the society and ways of man. A railway followed closely the east shore of the pond, and the telegraph wires furnished admirable perches from which to make sallies after the passing "darning-needles," as the dragon-flies are popularly called. Long, screeching monsters rushed back and forth, belching out immense black clouds, but they seemed too busy to notice little kingbirds, never deviating from their iron path, and these intelligent birds soon learned to ignore them. Very likely as they sat on the wires and watched the other birds fleeing in nervous terror before the giant, they had feelings of smiling contempt for the poor, silly things.



COMING BACK TO INCUBATE

Landward from the railway, and close beside it, was a fence of wire strands strung from post to post, which separated the track from a public road. These posts, as well as the telegraph poles and wires, made excellent perches. One of them was rotted out on top, leaving a little cup like depression four or five inches deep. No bird save an uncommonly original one, surely, would have thought anything of this. There was no kingbird precedent for the idea which occurred to them. Probably it originated with Madam, for it is she who usually has most to do with selecting the site for the nest. At any rate, the notion came to them to build their nest in this hollow of the post. The objections were very grave indeed. Swift express trains or lumbering freights whirled or clattered by within a yard of the post; people passed it repeatedly within arm's reach; a school-house was near, and the children might be given to nest-robbing; the prowling cat could easily jump up and devastate. But, on the other hand, it was close to the pond, the base for the food supply; it was interesting to live amid so much activity; moreover, it was delightfully easy to build a nest in such a receptacle. The rim of the post would make walls for the sides of the bird-house. Instead of the labor of building the usual bulky structure, taking many days of toil, a few straws and a little soft lining were all that was needed here. The nest, such as it was, would be all below the level of the top of the post. The brooding parent could sit flush on the top, see everything going on, and yet seem merely to be perching there. Should she be forced to fly away, people would see no nest, and think merely that the bird was very tame.

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We have no means of knowing what these birds thought, nor can we affirm that they *tried* to be original; the simple fact, nevertheless, was that they *were* so. Even if it were sheer laziness that prompted them—which it may have been—they were original in their very laziness. Other kingbirds, doubtless, are just as much inclined to seek their ease, and there are plenty of rotted fence-posts. Truly, it requires originality to devise new means for avoiding work!

The flimsy nest was all built, and the bold, original matron was incubating her three handsomely mottled eggs, before I had the honor of her acquaintance. How blind we are at best, even when we think we try to use our eyes! I have to confess that on the last day of June, 1907, I drove by the nest near enough to have leaned out of the buggy and touched it, without discovering it. Possibly the bird was away at that particular moment. I certainly hope so, for the sake of my self-respect. On the way back I stopped to take in a little girl whom I knew, to give her a lift homeward.

"Did you see the bird's nest on the post?" was the first question she asked.

"No, I didn't see any nest. Where is it?" I inquired.

"A little further along; I'll show you when we get to it," she said, and presently she was pointing it out. Sure enough, there sat a kingbird flat on the top of the post. Checking the horse to a walk, we watched to see how near the bird would let us approach. Every instant I expected to see her dart away, but she did not stir. And now she was at my side, almost within reach. I stopped the horse, whereupon, seeing that she was discovered, away she went, but only to the telegraph wire above, whence she proclaimed her opinion of our impertinence.

THE DEFENDER OF THE ORCHARD

The next morning I was there early with the camera, and was greatly relieved that no marauder had yet disturbed her. She was on the nest, and flew as I approached afoot with the camera, not liking the looks of the uncanny thing. I stood it up on the tripod rather near the nest, attached a thread to the shutter, and sat down on the bank a few rods away. The kingbird evidently mistook the camera for another original genius like herself, for no one had ever dared to come so close, and with one eye stare so persistently. She darted angrily at it a few times, and seemed to find that it was no genius after all, a mere impassive thing like the next fence-

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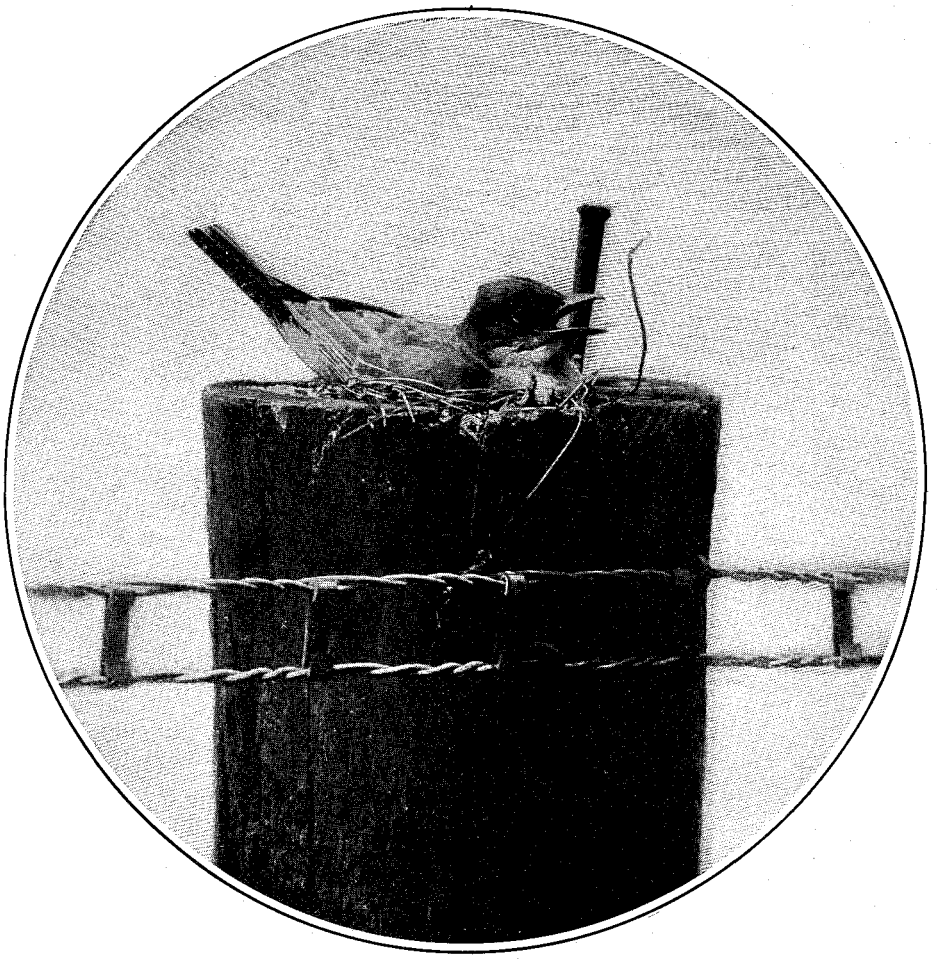
post. So she returned to her work of incubation, right before the unblinking Cyclops, and I proceeded to take all the pictures I wanted.

As I sat watching her I heard the whistle of the approaching express train. "Now we'll see what she will do," I thought, though I had little idea that she would brave it. Down the track it thundered towards her, emitting a mighty screech, and went flying past, actually within about three feet of her. No panic seized her; she faced the monster with calm confidence, and sat firm. The concussion of the air was so violent that it almost blew her out of the nest, and she quivered under the impact. Yet she hung on for dear life, doubtless digging her claws into the structure of the nest to brace herself. I had removed the camera, or it would have been blown over and wrecked.

I was greatly amused to sit and watch the passers-by, and see how blind and absent-minded people are—just as I was yesterday, I laughingly thought. The pedestrian was in a brown study. The farmer on his wagon was absorbed in the price of milk or in the waving field of grass which next week he thought he would cut. He seemed to look right at the bird trustfully incubating under his very nose, yet he saw her not. Section-men walked the track, but they were looking for broken bolts or rails, not for birds. Two peddlers drove by, discussing their gains, with no eyes for a bird, Presently two sportsmen drove along.



THE MOTHER-BIRD INCUBATING—AND PROTESTING AGAINST INTRUSION

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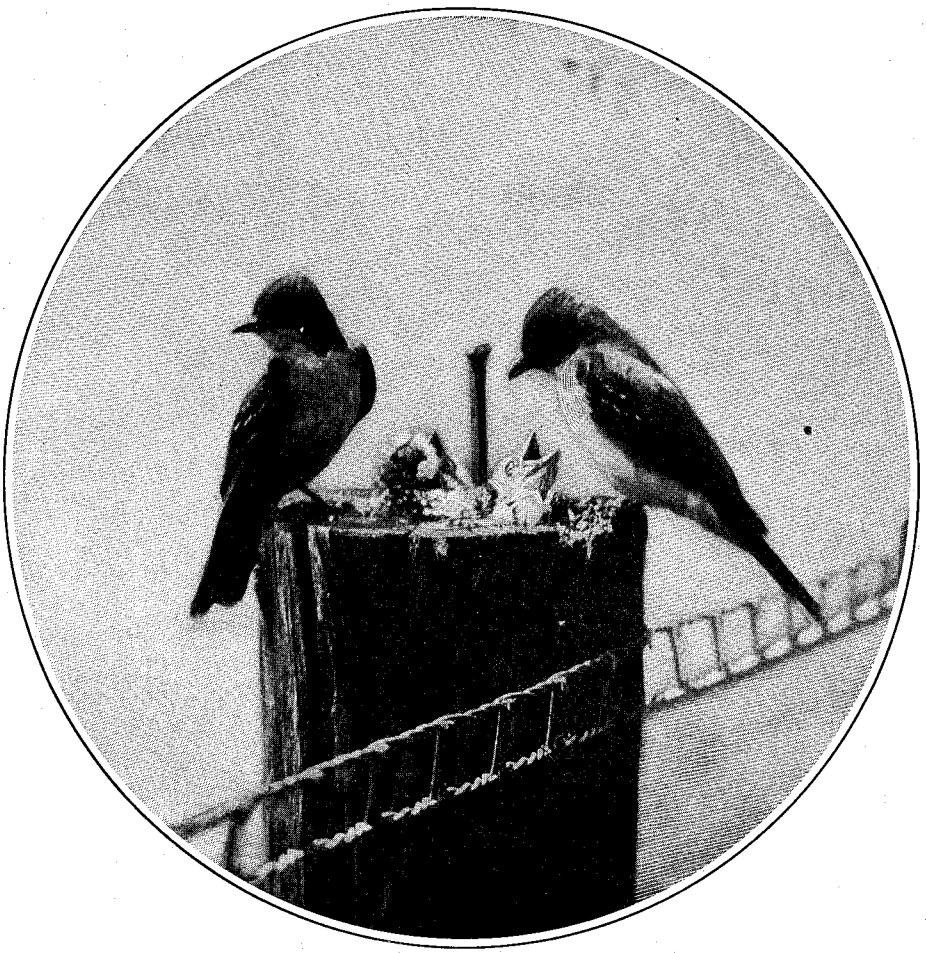
and I asked them to stop, within about ten feet of the kingbird. "I thought you might like to see a great curiosity in the bird line," I said. "It's in plain sight of you; what do you think of it?" Even with this clue it was not at once by any means that they made her out. "Well, I never!" exclaimed the discoverer.

away, and that if they would be good to them and try to protect them I would give each boy and girl a photograph of the birds. The result was that each youngster in the neighborhood was on mettle to see the birds safely through. But for all that I had grave fears for them.

A week later, July 8, I found three



THE FAMILY

The children in the neighborhood all knew of this remarkable nest, yet they had not disturbed it. A generation ago it would have been promptly robbed, but the world is growing better and the crusade for bird-protection already bears fruit. I saw a number of the children that day and commended them for not molesting the birds, telling them that I hoped to study and photograph this remarkable family till the young flew

little birds in the nest, blind, naked, and helpless. On the 15th they were surprisingly altered, lusty fledglings now, old enough not to require brooding. Their mother stood beside them on the post, while father was off by the pond catching dragon-flies. I could see him darting out over the water after these large insects which were almost as swift on wing as he. After several futile attempts he seized one and flew with it

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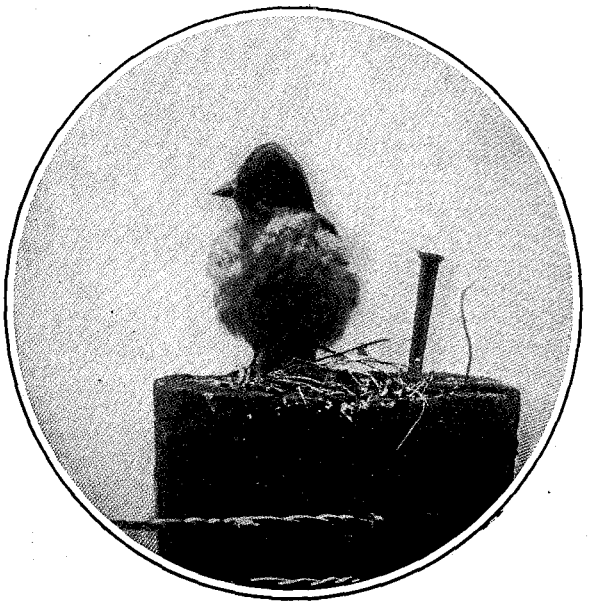
toward the nest, uttering a chattered cry of triumph. The youngsters recognized it, and set up an excited clamor. The mother, who had just gone up on the telegraph wire, added her voice to the general jubilation, and darted to the nest, arriving at the same time as her valiant spouse. After an instant's pause, she laid hold of the tail end of the struggling, unfortunate insect. There was an exciting tug of war, and the victim snapped asunder. Both parents then went to work feeding bits to the eager birdlings. This done, papa darted off to catch another prize, while mamma stood lovingly by her hopefuls. In twenty minutes it was dinner time again, and this feasting was kept up pretty much all day, at intervals of from quarter to half an hour. Meanwhile I had the camera standing by the nest, and secured pictorial records galore of these various interesting events.

On July 19 the little birds were entirely fledged, ready to leave the nest. They stood up on the post, neat and trim, fluttering their wings from time to time, their little snow-white shirts gleaming in the sun, in full dress for their first appearance in general bird-society. As I walked by I snapped them with my reflecting camera, my parting tribute of admiration and friendly willingness to remember them in days to come. Two days later I saw that they had gone.

Dangerous though it was, the experiment in originality had succeeded. And now we are set to wondering. Will they try it again another year? Perhaps, but not on the same post, for some person has since then sawed off the top, with the nest, perhaps as a curiosity. Did the parents teach the young that a fence-post is the proper building-place for the kingbird of distinction, and will there arise from them an aristocratic strain of post-breeding kingbirds, which in time might induce important changes of habit in the whole tribe? Or will the inheritance of an original mentality produce kingbird generations of still greater originality to embark in still more curious undertakings, domestic or otherwise?

As the venture in originality owed its successful outcome largely to the kind interest and forbearance of the scholars of the district school, I saw to it that for each of those concerned in the matter a mounted photograph of the whole kingbird family at their dinner-table hung on the Christmas tree at the school-house.



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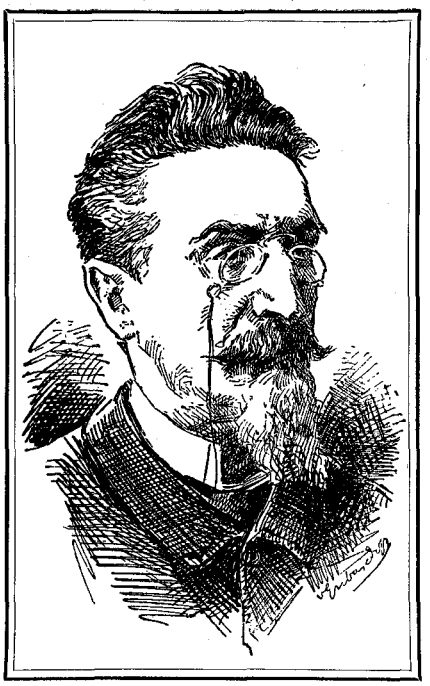

THE LAST OF HIS RACE

BY JOSÉ M. DE PEREDA

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH BY ROLLO OGDEN

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE

THE country which produced the romances of chivalry in such great numbers, and the immortal story of "Don Quixote" which made an end of them, not by the sting of satire, but by bringing in the fresh and vivid interest of lifelike portraiture; which created the Picaresque novel, the forerunner of the modern realistic story, has been enriched by a notable movement of fiction during the last thirty years, in which the striking characteristics of its earlier literature have found expression in modern forms—idealism, the romantic temper, the eloquence of a lofty spirit on one hand, and rugged simplicity, vigorous native humor, and uncompromising adherence to fact on the other. American readers are familiar with the work of Valdés, Alarcón, Valera, Galdos, Señora Bazan; they know less about that of Pereda, who is, in some respects, the most original and vitally Spanish of the distinguished group. He has been singularly fortunate in interesting not only the people who read but his fellow-craftsmen as well, and they agree in regarding him as a true interpreter of the characteristic Spanish genius and spirit.

Pereda comes from the mountain country which has given Spain many of its

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most effective and capable men. Born in the village of Polanco, not far from Santander, the capital of the province known among its people as the Mountain, the novelist has stayed in the place of his birth in body and mind. His fellow-novelists have reflected in various ways the cosmopolitanism of an age of translations, language study, travel, and journalism; he has stayed by his people and become the recorder of their characteristic manners and customs. Born into social position and ample means, and living the quiet life of a country gentleman, spending his summers at Polanco and his winters at Santander, Pereda has enjoyed almost ideal conditions for quiet and sympathetic observation of the life about him and for truthful and vigorous portraiture of social conditions and individual character. The French novelist René Bazin, who visited him years ago, found him a man of the old Hidalgo type; "as he drew near, one might have taken him for Cervantes himself;" and the reports of his personality make it clear that he has the gift of drawing the hearts of men toward him.

In 1859 Pereda printed in a local newspaper a series of clever and veracious studies of his own district, which appeared later in book form as "Scenes in Montaña." One of these sketches, "La Leva," was a semi-pathetic, semi-humorous, and altogether human study of a poor fisherman, Tuerto by name, and his drunken wife, and was the earliest of a long series of wonderfully lifelike studies of the men and women who live by the sea and are often devoured by it. The sequel to this story, in which Tuerto appears, but the central figure in which is a sailor of an older and now extinct type, The Outlook reprints this week in the spirited translation of Mr. Rollo Ogden. The province of Santander combines the life of the mountains with that of the sea, the heights and recesses of the Cantabrian Range and the rocky headlands and harbors of the Bay of Biscay. Pereda knew both halves of the life of his native province at first hand, and has been equally successful in depicting the men who live among the mountains and those who live along the coast; and is equally at home with the upland farmer and the fisherman who gets a perilous living out of the sea.

Santander, in which he has spent almost his entire life, he has made his own by taking exclusive possession of its vital or picturesque conditions, its high tenements and its hardy people. Unlike many other writers who have given the places of their birth or residence world-wide reputation, he has enjoyed an immense respect from his fellow-townsmen, who have been shrewd enough to recognize their great man without waiting for the judgment of the outside world. A street in which the most important scene in one of his novels is laid, long ago received the name of the story.

It is easy to understand the affection of the mountain people for Pereda. He has described them, not as a cool and critical observer, but as one of them, concealing nothing and modifying no line in his rugged and virile drawing; but his work is charged with comprehension and sympathy; he is always, even in his most satirical moods, dealing with his neighbors as one of them. They are, moreover, a hardy, stubborn people, wedded to ancient ways and to the old order; and Pereda, in religion and politics, is a reactionary of the reactionaries—a convinced and consistent Ultramontanist and absolutist. He sat in Parliament as a Carlist, and Galdos said of him that he would support the restoration of Philip II.

The list of stories which bear his name bear also such significant and suggestive

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titles as "The Unruly Steer," "A Chip of the Old Block," "Redolent of the Soil," "The Upper Peaks." His vigorous and veracious character-drawing was like a breath of fresh air at a time when village and farm people in current Spanish fiction were of an Arcadian sweetness and freshness—those unworldly rustics who have piped and prospered from the early days of fiction down to the age of the grange and the American farmer, drawn by the glowing hand of the local politician on the eve of an election. Pereda drew the village and country folk as he saw them, and straightway they became immensely interesting, as real things truthfully presented always are. The change was so radical that he had to educate his audience, which he did rapidly; meanwhile, after the manner of the good old times, they called him names. The name which was within easiest reach was "realist;" and so he became a realist. He declined to accept the characterization "if that epithet means to rank me under the triumphant French banner of foul-smelling naturalism;" he was content, however, to bear the name if it meant "a fondness for making the character in a book human." An old-fashioned Spanish cavalier, he has the loyalty and integrity of a gentleman; he loves his people and has invested them with the immense interest which attaches to all genuine human experience. His mule-drivers, as Galdos says, talk like mule-drivers and not like Academicians in charge of recalcitrant animals.

Pereda has lived so close to his subjects and rendered them with such fidelity that he has caught their terms of speech and habits of thought; his dialogue is racy and idiomatic; his style forcible, picturesque, and convincing. He knows how to lay a strong hand on a tragic situation, or to touch humorously a paradox or contradiction of character. No one has drawn so well the landscape of his country, nor has any contemporary novelist more generously enriched fiction with significant and lifelike figures. If they are intensely local in manner and speech, they are of universal significance by reason of vivid embodiment of common human traits and passions.

H. W. M.

I

IT was sixteen years ago that I had last seen him, and even then I had thought him an old man. But there he was walking down the wharf, lifting his gigantic figure above the crowd of fishermen's wives and vagabonds that surrounded him. Some of the women were groaning, others sighing, wiping their eyes frequently with the hem of their aprons or with the back of the hand, while the street-boys swarmed in and out among them like ants, with the liveliest curiosity. He was talking to everybody without looking at anybody, forcing out his hoarse speech roughly, as if the words were shaken off his shoulders and accented by his fists. Any one merely seeing him without hearing what he was saying would have taken him for the fierce master of a drove of slaves and not for the comforter of that afflicted band.

Meanwhile, near the headland of San Martin, a man-of-war was straining at her anchor. A thick column of smoke was blown from her funnel by the brisk northeast wind, as if to wave farewell to the city of Santander. Grouped on board were the valiant fishermen whom the latest conscription had torn from their homes, perhaps forever. It was to see the last of them that Tremontorio, the rough Hercules of a sailor, bronzed by all the climates and buffeted by all the seas of the world, had come down with their wives and children.

Tuerto's wife met Tremontorio on his way back to his attic, and at sight of him began to moan and let loose a torrent of cries and questions.

"Has the blessed man gone? Oh,

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my precious husband! Was he weeping? Did he think of me at all? Tell me, Uncle Tremontorio, for my heart is breaking with grief. Will he have to go very far? Will he ever come back? Will it be very long? Alas for me, left all alone and without support! They have even taken my children from me, uncle—they have taken them from my house. Well do I know who it was! Well do I know why it was done! But in the next world you will have vengeance taken on you, drunken busybody!"

She turned and shook her fist at the balcony where her mother-in-law was sitting. Tremontorio merely looked at her from under his grizzled eyebrows. When she turned to face him again, he did not relax; fresh clouds, rather, crossed his already threatening face, and for sole response to all her exclamations and inquiries he let fly at her like a cannon-shot the single word—

"Vixen!"

Then he looked about him with the calmness and majesty of a three-decker. Thereafter he stalked away to his den, flung himself upon his mattress, and slept straight into the night.

II

Something more than a year after Tuerto had gone he met Tremontorio one day with his hands in his pockets and with a face of vinegar.

"Where do you come from?" asked the old sailor, embracing the apparition affectionately, though in great amazement.

"From the navy," replied Tuerto.

"From the navy! Why, didn't you send a letter eight days ago, for Patuca to read to me?"

"True enough."

"Well, you didn't say anything about coming so soon. How does it happen?"

"The day after I wrote you the ship's crew joined the revolution."

"You don't say! And you too?"

"Not if I know it. But I was rushed along with the rest of them without knowing how."

"How many of the mutineers did they string up to the maintop?"

"Not one."

"What are you telling me? Did anybody ever see anything like that? But you don't mean to say you've come without shore-leave?"

"I'm not such a fool; I have a passport."

"Who gave you that, when they might have pronounced sentence of death upon you?"

"A gunner and a big land-officer who took charge of things."

"But where was the captain and the officers?"

"They had all they could do to find a harbor in the cabin, after knocking down a half-dozen of the revolutionists."

"But how did it happen that they did not hang you as soon as you stepped ashore?"

"Why, they honored the passport which had been given me on board, signed by the land-officer."

"But don't you know better than to take anything whatever from a land-officer meddling with the command of a man-of-war?"

"Well, it had to be done, I tell you. Besides, my time was nearly up, and I was waiting from one day to another to be discharged."

"But not in any such way as that. A land-officer! I wish he had come alongside the Ferrolana, when we were on the other side of the world, with his furloughs and his discharges! It's most likely they'll draft you again, man; for law is law, and he that eats has to pay, to-morrow if not to-day."

III

The brave veteran of the Ferrolana thought that, despite the revolution, he could by his daily labor live, if not in peace, for the few years that remained to him. But a blow fell upon his broad shoulders which even they could scarcely support. This cruel stroke was the abolition of the Society of Registered Sailors, decreed by the Central Government. News of this action almost drove Tremontorio crazy, and for many days he would not admit that it could be possible. When he could no longer deny the truth of the report, he wandered restlessly up and down the wharf, discharging his rage upon the first comrade who came within his reach.

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"There's nothing to do but to swallow it, Uncle Tremontorio," said some fishermen. They were sore from having been deceived. They had petitioned for the abolition of the Registered Sailors' Society, hoping in that way to get rid of the conscriptions, and not perceiving, or being told by any one, that they would be losing thereby their exclusive rights in the waters of that harbor.

"Nothing to do!" exclaimed Tremontorio, clenching his fists; "we will see about that, I guess. Who ordered this done, anyhow?"

"The superior government."

"What business have these governments to meddle in sailors' affairs, I'd like to know? What do they know about the sea?"

"Orders are orders, Tremontorio."

"Not in my house, though!"

"Well, law is law, now and always."

"That's just it! I take my stand on the law, and long live *our* law, I say!"

"But one law kills another, and the new one is always the one that counts."

"It may be so on land, but it don't work that way on the sea."

"That's nonsense, man. Besides, looking into the thing, what does it all amount to, after all? And even if it does hurt us, you know they will stop the conscriptions."

"Always talking about the conscriptions! Always frightening yourself out of sleep with them! They caught me twice, and I tell you that I am not sorry for it a bit now. Yes, sir, if you were not blind you'd see it clearly enough. Why, with this order from up yonder, they say, 'The doors of the sea are open.' There go I, and there go you, and there go the others, too; for I tell you that along with us can go, this law in their hand, the street loafer, and the stevedore, and every vagabond of the whole coast. That's a thing I won't stand, for my part, I tell you. The sea was made for men who are fit to go out on it, and always have gone. When was it ever heard of that such offscouring should go out to deep-water fishing along with me? I tell you, you have no sense of shame if you let yourself be put on a level with such ignoramuses. A fine idea, that they are as good as we are!"

"All this is very good, but you've got to consider that the thing is written in the law up there, and what we want down here amounts to nothing."

"You'll see if it amounts to nothing. For one thing, those governments will find out that Tremontorio will have nothing more to do with the sea under this law of theirs."

Nor did he, for a long while. But when time had shown that the sea, despite the new law, was not profaned by landlubbers, and when he could no longer endure the tedium of his life on shore, he went back to his launch, although with much grumbling.

IV

It was the evening of the day when the terrible storm engulfed three hundred and eighty fishermen between Fuenterrabia and Cabo Mayor. Eighty of them belonged to Santander. Inquiring for Tremontorio, I learned that he was one of the few who had been saved, almost miraculously, but that, on account of the fearful hardships he had gone through at his age, he had been brought to death's door.

I found him stretched out on his humble bed, ghastly pale but very calm. Another sailor was watching by him, whom I soon perceived to be Tuerto. He seemed so aged and bent and gray that I did not know him at first.

"How are you feeling?" I asked the old fisherman.

"The pilot is already on board," he replied in his customary voice.

"It is as well to be on the safe side," I said, understanding his sailor's figure of speech and wishing to encourage him.

"Safe side your grandmother!" he replied with a frown. "My hull is worn out, my masts have gone by the board, the harbor is a difficult one, and the bar is narrow; when do you need a pilot if not at such a time?"

"You are quite right," I said, finding him so tranquil. "In such times as this the stuff in a man is tested. It is easy to see that you do not need to be towed in."

"No, thanks be to God, who gives me more than I deserve. Eighty years old; never to have wronged anybody in such

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a long life; to have gone through so many storms at sea, and at last to die in a bed like a Christian, with a friend by my side—would it not be mere covetousness and shamelessness to ask more, I'd like to know?"

The wonderful thing about this language was that it was perfectly simple-hearted and sincere—all of a piece with the man's daily speech for so many years.

I asked him if there were no symptoms, no indications, of such tempests.

"Indications!" exclaimed Tremontorio, with a bitter smile; "that kind never gives any. There you are, in your boat as peaceful as a leaf on a tree. Land is in sight, and the sea is like a cup of broth. You'd think you might stay that way for a month. In that face there is nothing to make anybody suspicious. But suddenly a little breeze strikes you in the face. You look off to the nor'east, and there you see a yellow-gray mist covering the sea and coming on with leaps like a wild beast, with a rushing noise as if water was flowing down all the cliffs on the coast. When you see and hear that, your blood stops; but you seize the oars and run up a rag of a sail to try to scud before the wind. But it is upon you before you can make a single stroke."

"What do you mean by *it*?"

"*It*, Señor? Why, I do not know what it is unless it is the wrath of God passing by."

"Well, but what takes place in such terrible moments?"

"Do you suppose any one knows? I rather guess you haven't either eyes or time to see. You are in a great flood of foam that flings the launch about as if it were a nutshell. First it carries you up, and then it lets you down, and when it lets you down it falls on you. You do not know what is falling, rocks or what, for it bruises you and suffocates you at the same time. When you open your eyes, misery! there's not a man in sight, nor a boat, nor an oar, nor a coast, nor a sky, nor anything. One blow shoves you under, and another flings you out of the water. Your head begins to whirl, and the one who best knows how to swim tries to forget how, so as to end the thing as soon as possible."

"But it must have done you some good to know how to swim, since you made out to save yourself when so many others perished."

The man looked at me with a scowl, and said, emphatically:

"Not a bit of good; not a bit, I tell you."

"Then how did you get to land?"

"Because God so willed it. Anybody but a blind man could see that."

I urged the fearless fisherman to tell me what had actually taken place. But he resorted to brusque evasions, until finally Tuerto spoke up and said:

"I will tell you about it, Señor, for we two were saved together. The hurricane carried us, before we knew it, within two cables of San Pedro del Mar; and just as we thought we should not stop before being driven into the sand, a tremendous wave, the like of which I never saw before, turned us bottom up. When I came to the surface, of all my fourteen comrades, only this one was in sight, about six yards away. I had the good luck to seize hold of the launch, but this unlucky man had no resource left him but his arms. That was no small one, for in the matter of swimming, no fish in the sea could get the better of him. An oar was thrown his way by a wave, and he grasped that and rested a bit. But I noticed that he caught hold with only one arm, and did not help himself in the slightest with the other. 'Swim this way,' I shouted, 'till I can reach you a hand, and then you can get hold of the boat.'

"'How do you suppose I am going to swim?' replied he.

"'Why, why not?' said I.

"'Because my breeches are hauling me down fearfully. Seems like I had got the whole ocean in them. And what's worse, the button's come off the belt.'

"'Kick them off, then, fool!'

"'I can't do it, idiot!'

"'Why not?'

"'Because this morning I broke the ribbon of my scapulary and put it in my pocket.'

"'Well, what's that got to do with it?'

"'Why, if I kick off the breeches, the

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Virgin of Carmen will go to the bottom with them.'

"'What if she does, man, so long as it is only her image?'

"'But she has been blessed, I tell you, and if she goes to the bottom, who's going to get me out of this scrape, imbecile?'

"As this comrade of mine spoke these words he was dashed against me, I don't know how, and grasped the launch. At the same time a wave rose above us off to windward, such as no mortal man ever saw the equal of. I thought that was the end, not only of our lives, but of the whole world. It burst upon us, and that's the end of my story, for I saw or heard nothing more, and hadn't a particle of sense left except just enough to finish a vow I was making to the Virgin del Mar. But it seems the wave must have driven us ashore when it broke, for we found ourselves there when we came to life again, grasping pieces of the shattered boat. It's the simple truth, Señor, that it is nothing but a miracle that we two came out of it alive."

The conversation lasted but little longer. As I went away I held out my hand to those heroic sailors and said to the dying Hercules:

"I shall hope to see you again."

"Why not?" he replied, giving to my words a wider meaning than I had intended. "We are all sailors on the same sea and have set out for the same port. If Satan does not shut us out of it, we shall both anchor in it—I to-morrow and you some other day."

"God grant it may be so!" I said from the bottom of my heart.

Comment on Current Books

The Russian Peasant

Of all peasants the Russian is just now perhaps the most discussed. Economically his struggles have always challenged the notice of intelligent observers. But politically he now forges to the fore and doubles the interest aroused by the economic conditions under which he lives. Such authorities as Kennan, Wallace, Milyukov, and Leroy-Beaulieu have instructed us as to both economic and political conditions. Now comes Dr. Kennard.[1] As a physician he has very recently been practicing among those peasants who had been exposed to an unprecedented famine; it had reduced more than twenty millions of them to starvation and disease. But he has lived with the peasants in all parts of Russia: in the more cultured west, from St. Petersburg to the Polish boundary; in the cold and poorly inhabited north, in Central Russia, and in Siberia. He describes this village life, their izbas or houses, their clumsy plows, harrows, and other agricultural instruments, their starosta or headman, the village policemen, the system of land tenure. If, as a class, the peasantry is now the key to Russia's economic and political future, the individual muzhik, or peasant, is personally unattractive. Dr. Kennard says:

> His crass stupidity makes it almost impossible to treat him as a sensible being. He does not understand cleanliness. He is uncultured, uneducated, ignorant of the most elementary facts known to babes in other countries of the West and East, thoughtless, and buried in the mire of stagnant callousness and hopeless indifference. . . . The unequaled laziness of the Russian peasant is no doubt due in part, at any rate, to the climate, which keeps him snow-bound seven months in the year, which paralyzes effort, and minimizes the actual facilities for labor. Further, his laziness is no doubt due to the terrible state of ignorance in which he is engulfed, and to the strenuous efforts made by the Government and the Church in combination to keep him supplied with a superabundance of holidays, sacred and secular, on which he *must* not work. . . . If the Church is hard put to it to find an excuse to keep the muzhik from his daily toil, the bureaucracy comes forward with cringing supplications to His Majesty to name . . . a holiday in honor of his having escaped typhoid or smallpox . . . "for the sake of the peasant and to alleviate his toil."

The author is well informed concerning the relations of the peasant to both State and Church. Under this double oppression Dr. Kennard even declares that Russia is in no better condition than forty-seven years ago, when serfdom was abolished. In no particularly temperate language, this critic describes the burden upon the peasantry, and then declares, as does Mr. Drage in his book on Russia, for decentralization as Russia's hope. Under the present system, so it has been calculated, there is, on the average, for the Russian peasant population, one doctor for every 30,000 people. The district hospitals are few and far between. The babies are born in the almost hermetically sealed izbas into a condition in which sanitation, hygiene, and food are prominent by their absence. Dr. Kennard declares that in some provinces it is the exception to find even an irregular supply of milk obtainable for

[1] The Russian Peasant. By Howard P. Kennard, M.D. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. $1.50, net.

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infants. Yet the Government assigns sums of money for relief. Of this feature Dr. Kennard remarks that, though he has traveled over vast stretches of country and through many hundreds of villages, he has never been able to make the Government reports of expenditures tally with his impression of any particular district. He adds that "morals are not to be found among the minions of the bureaucracy." Why do not the peasants complain? The local censor will not permit the truth to appear. Why do not the humane proprietors help? Dr. Kennard says that a friend of his, a Russian proprietor, permitted the peasantry to use a large room in his country house in order that they might meet there and discuss social questions and village affairs. But when the proprietor came to his estate the police informed him that he would be sent to jail if he did not pay to the police two hundred rubles as a fine for "talking politics" to the peasantry. In Dr. Kennard's opinion, the Russian bureaucracy lives primarily for what it can put into its own pocket. Whether this critic pays his vigorous respects to the political oppression or to the religious superstition in which the Russian child is bred, his comment is worth notice. We hope that a succeeding edition will contain an index.

President Hadley on Public Morals

President Hadley, of Yale University, was one of the first, as he is one of the ablest, of the modern school which identifies economics with ethics, maintaining that no philosophy can be sound which divides man up into incommunicable compartments and treats him now as a human being governed wholly by self-interest, without prejudices, passions, or moral sentiments, and now as an ethical being who is dominated by his conscience, his hopes, and his affections. In this volume[1]—lectures delivered in 1906 before the Kennedy School of Philanthropy—Dr. Hadley treats public opinion, trade, corporate management, and political life on the assumption that the social relations involved are not only ethical but are recognized by the people, with more or less clearness, to be ethical; *e.g.*, "I have generally observed that when a man sees that a measure has been framed in the public interest, he accepts its consequences even when they hurt him personally." Dr. Hadley not only has clearness of vision, discriminating judgment, and a way of measuring philosophies by practical results, a method which is the reverse of the academic, but he has a style which compels attention and wins assent; *e.g.*, "Competitive ethics is not a mere glorification of force. It has a moral element which its opponents overlook. It is a fight for existence organized in such a way that the outside world is benefited by it, instead of being injured by it. When two snakes or two tigers are struggling as to which shall get the same bird, the probability of an advantageous outcome for the bird is very slight. When two bosses are struggling as to which shall get the same workman, the probability of an advantageous outcome for the workman is very large." It is difficult to conceive a keener sword-thrust at the popular Socialistic fallacy that the competitions of trade and the war of the forest are in their essence the same.

[1] Standards of Public Morality. By Arthur Twining Hadley. (American Social Progress Series.) The Macmillan Company, New York. $1, net.

The Early Egyptians

The original "Man in the Moon," says Mr. Massey in his just-published and very interesting work,[1] did not depend upon any fancied resemblance to the human face. The myth apparently arose during that system of tribal subdivision denoted by totems, or natural objects, usually animals, assumed as the emblem of a clan. These were generally formulated, Mr. Massey claims, with types the very opposite of man. Indeed, the worship of animals was in part a survival of Totemism, and the custom of representing the elemental gods as animals was due to the same cause. Thus it is natural, we suppose, for Mr. Massey to scoff at the notion that mythical representation began with stories of human adventure, no matter if Herbert Spencer does assert it. On the contrary, "it began with the phenomena of external nature, as represented by animals, birds, reptiles, and insects, whenever these had demonstrated the possession of superhuman faculties and powers." In making audible sounds animals were followed by pre-verbal man. His primitive form of expression was a sign-language. Forms of this constitute parts of fetishism, or the practice of worshiping any material object regarded with awe, either because mysterious powers are supposed to reside in it, or because it is believed to be the habitation of some deity. By means of the sign-language we have records of a prehistoric past. A feature of that past was the development of astronomical mythology in which, as we see from Mr. Massey's pages, sign-language constituted a part. In the development of this mythology the ancient Egyptians were specially remarkable. It is frequently assumed that mythology sprang from fifty or a hundred different sources. Mr. Massey

[1] Ancient Egypt, the Light of the World. By Gerald Massey. 2 vols. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $12, net.

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maintains, instead, that it is one as a system of representation, as a mold of thought, and as a mode of expression. This author traces for us the mythology and religion of the early Egyptians, as shown in their theory of the "Gods" and the "Glorified," the Gods being divinized, elemental powers, and the Glorified the spirits of human ancestors. In this connection the author devotes a chapter to the Egyptian "Book of the Dead," said to be the oldest known collection of religious writings in the world. He declares against the supposition that the Egyptians made a mummy merely to preserve it for the soul's return into the old earthly body; he points out that the Egyptians were also really making a typical Christ, the Anointed. "Mes," in hieroglyphics, we are told, signifies "to anoint," and "Messu," in Egyptian, answers to "Messiah" in Hebrew. Mr. Massey even claims that the *karast*—mummy—risen to its feet, was the prototypal Christ. Even more interesting and suggestive are the chapters comparing pre-Christian data and certain statements in the Gospels. These latter chapters may give rise to some discussion, particularly the author's assumption that the Logia, or so-called "Sayings of Jesus," written in Greek on the leaf of a papyrus book, and discovered at Oxyrynchus, were the sayings of him who is set forth in these volumes as the Egypto-gnostic Jesus, one who had many types and names, but no individual form of historic personality.

Men of Latitude Under this title we are here introduced to forerunners of modern Broad Churchmen. Readers of The Outlook in 1897 may recollect articles on "Some Seventeenth Century Liberals," by the author of this volume.[1] Those preliminary studies, elaborated and added to, present in this series of seven short memoirs the English prototypes of the growing host in Christendom who now stand for freedom and fellowship in religion. On one hand, they asserted the compatibility of unity in faith with diversity of belief, the liberty of reason, the supremacy of charity. On the other hand, they recovered from earlier ages the truth which distinguishes modern from mediæval theology—the truth of God's active immanence in his world, which Augustine's theology, now termed Calvinism, had obscured for more than a thousand years. These rare spirits, men of peace amidst the fierce antagonisms of their contemporaries, thus, though with voices drowned in the storm of passion and war, bore a testimony to Christian principles which, while it redeems their time from a sweeping charge of narrowness, redeems their names from forgetfulness to honorable and grateful commemoration. In Mr. George's story of their lives and varied experiences, illuminated with ample citation from their writings, one recognizes a work of loving and careful research.

[1] Seventeenth Century Men of Latitude. By Edward Augustus George. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.25.

Animal Behavior Under the title "Animal Life and Intelligence" the author some years ago issued a book which in a revised form was published in 1900 under the title "Animal Behavior."[1] It includes discussions on instinctive behavior in birds and animals, the behavior of plants and even of cells, "corporate" behavior, instinctive behavior, intelligent behavior even in insects, animal "æsthetics" and "ethics," with discussions also of biological and psychological aspects of animal life, the impulses, interests, and ambitions of animals, and theories of animal play, animal courtship, and animal intercommunication. The book is intensely interesting, and in this new edition, which is, as we judge, almost a new work, we are sure that those of our readers who have followed the articles by Mr. John Burroughs in The Outlook on "Reasonable but Unreasoning Animals," and the replies which have been made by others in our pages, cannot fail to find instruction and entertainment.

The Story of Port Arthur Captain Lindsay and Major Swinton are English officers, both of whom have written on military subjects. They have, between them, translated, abridged, and edited a book by an accredited Russian war correspondent in Port Arthur, who went through the greater part of that terrible siege.[2] It should be made clear that his story is not merely the report of a newspaper man, still less of technical military discussion. From his own point of view, the story is told with vigor and picturesqueness, and although published originally in Russia itself, it criticises pretty freely the conduct of the defense. M. Nojine appears to have had access to official documents, and, as his editors point out, his observations are those of a trained journalist who was an actual eye-witness. He cannot say too much in condemnation of the corruption and incompetency of the bureaucrats in Russia in their conduct of the war, and he condemns roundly some of the officers in Port Arthur itself. His censure begins with the assertion that Port Arthur was, when war began, very far from being ready, although there had been

[1] Animal Behavior. By C. Lloyd Morgan, F.R.S. (Second Edition.) Longmans, Green & Co., New York. $2.50.
[2] The Truth About Port Arthur. By Monsieur E. K. Nojine. Translated by Captain A. B. Lindsay. Edited by Major E. D. Swinton. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $5, net.

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ample time to prepare it; and he declares that even before the place was invested completely the troops had to be put on short rations. He believes that Port Arthur might have held out much longer if it had been properly prepared for the siege. The recent conviction by military court of General Stoessel seems to be sustained by many of the documents and facts here adduced, and in particular M. Nojine blames him for the fact that "the whole fortress was slowly converted into a living cemetery (scurvy increased with great strides), and that the way for surrender was thus prepared." The final order for surrender seems to have amazed every one. On the other hand, M. Nojine praises General Smirnoff, and pays a warm tribute to the one real Russian hero of Port Arthur, namely, General Kondratenko, as "a splendid, dogged Russian soldier, weighed down by the incompetency of many above him, who struggled through those weary months of defeat, privation, and suspense."

Christian Principles

We do not recall any of Dr. Morgan's books in which the intellectual questions of religion are so analytically treated as in this.[1] Nor do we think we should refer a perplexed questioner affected with scientific doubt to this book for relief. He would certainly be discouraged at the beginning by Dr. Morgan's adoption of the Biblical psychology and his assignment of consciousness to the "soul," not to the spirit. His elaborate discussion of the relation of reason and faith is provokingly questionable in its acceptance of the dictionary definition that "faith is the assent of the mind to the truth of a proposition," etc. In the New Testament faith everywhere appears to be the consent of the will as well as the assent of the mind, and as belief in a person as the living embodiment of truth rather than belief in a proposition. Of course Dr. Morgan knows this, and he comes round to it at last in declaring that "in Christ the ultimate Reason has been revealed. He is God's Speech to man." But the impersonal character which the preliminary discussion attributes to faith is misleading in a presentation of "Christian principles." And when we read that "all the rhythmic order of the universe is created by the presence of the Christ," we are reminded of Principal Fairbairn's sage caution to "Christocentric" writers that "theology must be theocentric." Judicious preachers, however orthodox, now decline to adopt Lyman Beecher's saying, seventy years ago, "Jesus Christ is the acting Deity of the universe." Dr. Morgan's forte is in the spiritual and moral uplift of Christian life, for which very many owe him much.

[1] Christian Principles. By G. Campbell Morgan. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. 50c., net.

Book of Ecclesiastes

This volume,[1] one of the series known as "The International Critical Commentary," easily takes its place among the best of them. Dr. Barton is neither enamored of new theories nor prevented from free investigation by old traditions. Of course, with all modern scholars, he repudiates the notion that Ecclesiastes was written by Solomon. But, on the other hand, he dismisses as untenable the theory of Haupt and Siegfried that the book is a composite contributed by a variety of authors and with no literary knowledge. Concerning this theory he well says: "It is built upon the supposition that absolutely but one type of thought can be harbored by a human mind while it is composing a book. In periods of transition, on the contrary, one can give house-room to widely divergent thoughts." His view that the book is by one author, with some additions by a later hand, appears to us most in accordance with the structure of the book, and also with what we know of the history of literary compositions. Some of the critics of Job and Ecclesiastes have fallen into the error of imagining that a great poem is likely to be composed by a great variety of authors, as experience shows us that codes of laws and historical narratives are almost necessarily composed. When we turn from the Introduction to the Commentary, we find in Dr. Barton's work, what is not often found in commentaries, a combination of the broad literary view and of the minute and almost microscopic study of words and phrases. For the professional student we do not know of any commentary on Ecclesiastes superior to this.

A Bungalow Book

The popularity of the bungalow form of home architecture needs no demonstration. We have been greatly interested in looking over the pages of a second edition of "The Bungalow Book,"[2] the author of which is described as a "designer of artistic homes" in Los Angeles, California. The book begins with a short account of the rise of the bungalow as a radical departure from the older style of architecture and some practical general suggestions, while the rest of the work is devoted to pictures, plans, and specifications of good individual houses of this type.

[1] Critical and Exegetical Commentary on the Book of Ecclesiastes. By George Aaron Barton, Ph.D. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.25.

[2] The Bungalow Book. (Second Edition.) Henry L. Wilson, Los Angeles, California. $1.

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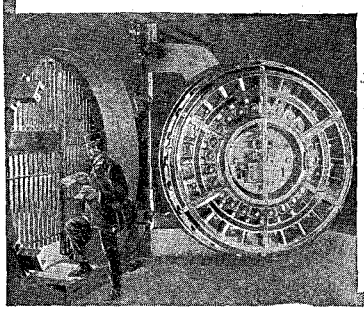

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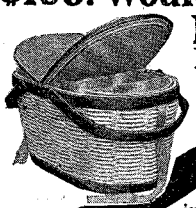

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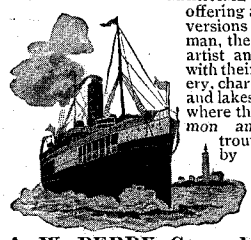

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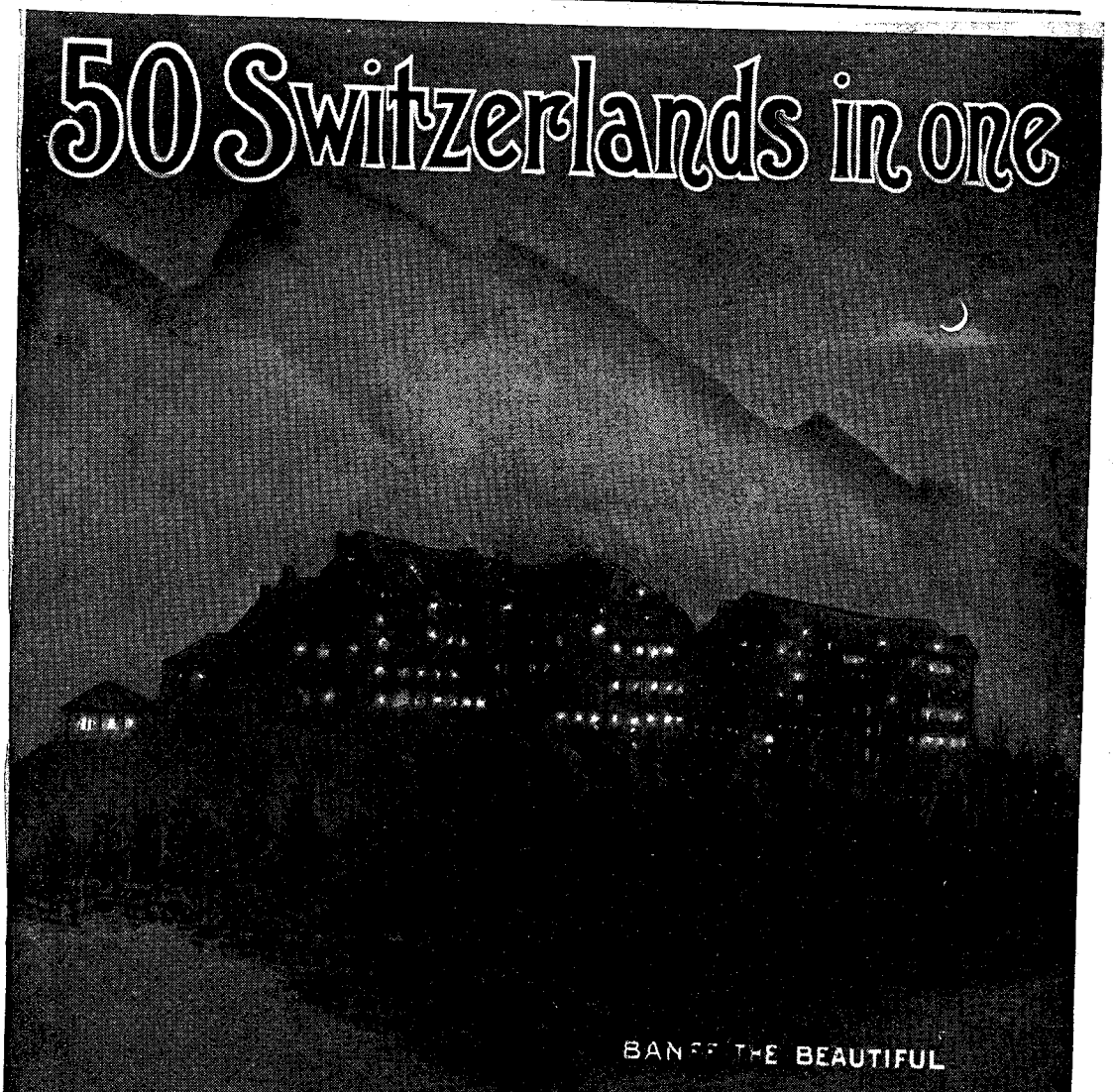

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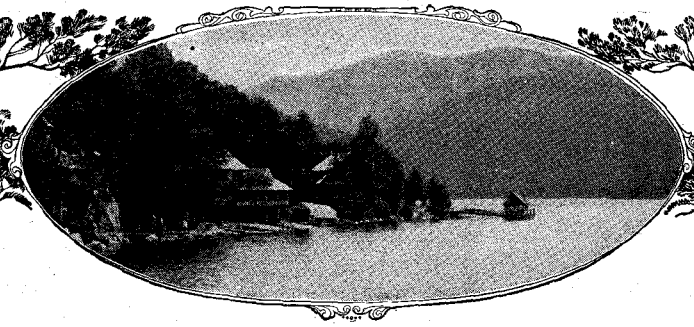

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